THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, PROPRIETOR, 115 NASSAU STREET. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1858. TERMS $2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. NO. 35.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

Good luck to all!" the ancient proverb preaches;
But thought it more an oracle than words.
Trust not the boy known but to gentle deeds;
For, as it stands, the manly maxim flies:

That luck is something, wars a truer story —
And it life's mingled game of skill and luck,
The cards that win the stake of wealth or glory
Are dealing, Patrick, by ourselves, I think!

To borrow still another illustration,
A little more sparkle and pressure,
Small chance has luck to guide the operation,
Where nothing Will has hoisted all the sail!

The real secret of the certain winner,
Against the gainings of malicious Fate,
Learn from the story of a gaming miner
Whose brain awakened I will here relate :—

"In this 'ere bottom, as in any other
By which a chap an honest living earns,
You don't get all the nuggets from your rocker,
But, ay, you follow it, you lives and learns.

And I, from being much behind the curtain,
And getting often very lucky cards,
Finds out, at last, there's nothing so uncertain
As trusting cards and everything to luck :—

So now, you see,—which not really unknown
The faith in Fortune that I used to bet,—
I takes good care to regulate the chances,
And always has a fingure in the deal !"

ALARIC;

OR,

THE TYRANT'S VAULT.

A SICILIAN STORY OF EARLY TIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER I.

ALARIC.

"Who the d—l is he, or anywhere—any where—any sense of to-day, dissolved in the mingled shrivel down to a place of little note,—but the Syracuse of an older day—a day long passed—when it was the metropolis of all Sicily, an object of longing to ambitious conquerors, and one of the finest cities in the world; not for from this place, upon the shore of the sea, stood a man who had just landed from a vessel that was now sailing away towards the North. He was quite young—not over five-and-twenty—tall and well proportioned; with a muscular system finely developed; and possessing a face not only striking in its manly beauty, but remarkable, in one so young, for its stern, resolute, and self-reliant expression. His dress was light and simple, and evidently of Greek manufacture; the lower limbs being clothed in close-fitting goat-skin, above which he wore a shirt of white linen, confined at the waist by a belt of the same. Upon his head was a cap of woven stuff, the top drooping over the right ear; and his feet were shielded by a pair sandals. His only weapon was a short, heavy sword, which hung, in a leathern scabbard, from his left side. He stood for awhile, gazing about, as though undecided what course he should pursue; but finally he cupped an old fisherman not far off, who had just come down upon the beach, and towards him he made his way.

"A bright, pleasant morning, good sir," said the youth.

The old man cast his eye from his shoulders and gazed up. He carefully scanned the features before him, and then answered :

"Ay, fair sir, it is a pleasant morning. We have many such on this coast."

"And yet it storms sometimes, I suppose," suggested the first-speaker.

"He is a wise man who little heeds the storms he cannot quell," said the fisherman, with a nod of the head, which seemed to give his words more meaning than the circumstance under which they were spoken would imply.

"You are right there," responded the other. "But tell me—where can I find Arishaus, the archonist?"

The fisherman took another careful look into his interlocutor's face, and then answered :

"He lives upon yonder mountain, which is called Candaule. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes."

"Then follow the path that leads to yonder out, until it brings you to a small stream. Cross that, and then upon your right hand you will see a beaten track. He lives in a cave near the top of the mountain, and this track will lead you directly thither."

The young man thanked his informant, and was upon the point of hurrying away, when the latter resumed :

"You are a stranger here?"

"I am."

"But not always so."

"How mean you?"

"You have been in Syracuse before?"

"I did I was a stranger here," the youth replied, with a slight show of displeasure; for the fisherman was still regarding him sharply.

"Pardon," cried the old man. "I mean no offense. Your face looks familiar. It has the cast of a countenance I thought I had seen before."

"There may be many faces in Sicily like mine, good sir," returned the new-comer, with a light smile.

"There may be, but I have not seen them."

"How now, old man? Why—then didst but just say they looked surely seen one like it."

Ay!—but that was years ago," rejoined the fisherman, with a shake of the head. "I do not think I have seen such an one of late."

"You'll not detain me further by having seen such an one on this morning," said the young man; and as he thus spoke he turned away.

"Ay," muttered the old Sicilian, half to himself, but loud enough to reach the youth's ears, "such a face and such a form I have seen, and well do I remember where it lay. Such faces are not multiplied—they are not plenty in Syracuse these times. Alas! more's the pity!"

The youth hesitated for a moment, as though he would turn back, but he overcame the disposition, and kept on. When he had begun to ascend the mountain he stopped and looked behind him, and saw that the fisherman was already upon the water.

"Can it be," he said, to himself, "that my face is so little changed? I think I remember that old man, for he has spread his nets long in these waters; but how should he remember me? I pray the gods that there be not many in Syracuse that will yet be so observant."

With this the traveler kept on up the mountain until he had reached a broad table of rock, from whence he could see the bay, and the city beyond. The great metropolis was spread out before him, with its massive walls, its temples, and its palaces, and a tear started down his cheek as he gazed upon the scene. He clasped his hands upon his bosom, and, with a few muttered words, he started on again. He crossed the stream, and took the path to which he had been directed; but he did not follow it no one who was a stranger to its windings. He pressed his way with an ease and assurance, and, at times, with an electricalness which would have been indicated to only by one who knew well the way he was going. Up the steep, rocky blight he climbed, and, when he finally stopped, it was before the entrance to a cave—a cave which Nature had fashioned in the mountain's side, and shelved forth from the sun's fervid heat, and the fury of the storm. At the mouth of this cavern sat an old man, over whose head some fourscore years had rolled. His hair and beard were white as the finest wool that soiled above the mount, and finished in silken, wavy masses over his shoulders and breast. A mantle of grey cloth enveloped his frame, and his feet were shod with heavy sandals. He was engaged over an old manuscript, which he bore the round of approaching footsteps he closed the volume and sighed deeply.

"Good morning, my son," he said, with a look of simple welcome.

"Kind father, I greet thee," the youth returned, at the same time extending his hand.

"How?" cried the aged man, starting to his feet, as the accents fell upon his ear. He shaded his eyes with the palm of the left hand, and looked eagerly into his visitor's face. "Do I see aright?" he added. "Is it indeed my own boy?"

"Ay, good Arishaus, I am Alaric—come once more to see thee."

For some time the hermit gazed into the young man's face in silence, but finally he said :

"But come—sit down, my son. The presence has started a host of varied emotions to life within me, and I must recover my thoughts ere I can talk with thee in reason."

"Thank the gods, I find thee alive and in health!" replied the youth, as he let go the old man's hand, and took a seat upon a wooden bench close by.

"Aye—I am well in body," returned Arishaus. "But," he added, thoughtfully, continuing to gaze earnestly into his companion's face as he spoke, "the body but a small part of man, and the life of the flesh are very ours when compared with some of the pains to which the soul may be subject. But tell me of thyself. Where hast thou been?"

"I have been in Greece," replied the youth. "When I fled from these shores, eight years ago, I sought refuge there, and there I have remained ever since. Or I wept this morning, as I gazed down upon the city of my birth. I had thought I had been weeping over those memories; but when I again gazed upon Syracuse they came crowding upon me with a power which I could not resist. It was the very height beneath the walls of which my father and my mother were slain; and I would see the roof beneath which my mother died. Arishaus, you remember the circumstances of the assassination of my father?"

"No, Alaric," said the hermit, raised to the true interests of the people, I have seen only yourself return. Years have been enough, but not many. Were there any with you to Greece?"

"No, father; I journeyed alone. I saw my noble parent cut down—I saw my brother fall—and when I knew I had not a relative left in the city, I fled. Fortune favored me. I found a small boat by the sea shore, and I put out alone upon the dark waves. I found a way to Methia, and from thence I gained a passage to Greece. The tyrant Agathocles died."

"Aha! yes. And his deeds are evil, and the people suffer. We have had no place in Sicily since good Hicilius died. Thou wert but a mere child then."

"I was seven years old. I remember the good king well, for my father, you know, was one of his chief advisers."

"Aye—you have told me that I thought," said the hermit, musingly.

"And I remember that there was some mystery connected with the good king's death," remarked Alaric. "Am I not right?"

"There was a mysterious mystery," answered the old man. "He was weak and weary, and he left the throne that he might die in peace; and death came upon him while he was in a grove removed from the court."

"Was he not poisoned?" returned the youth.

"I might guess many things, my son."

"But you have no cause to think me right. I have said that I left no relatives behind me when I made my escape from this place; but I did leave one friend. I left one—a dear friend—a friend who was entwined with a life that could not die. You know of whom I speak."

"Aye—you speak of the moon's daughter, Luna."

"Yes, father. Is she alive?"

"She is."

"And well?"

"And well," parried the youth, in a more eager tone, "is she still free?"

"Why? How do you thought that she would remember you in love through the years that have passed?"

"O—do not say that she has not!"

"I have not said so, my son. But you should remember that many fickle twelve years old soon you went away."

"Yet she possessed a woman's mind. She had counsel of you, my master. Of do not tell me that she remembers me here no. True, she was a child in years, but I loved her then, and my love has grown stronger in the separation which has followed. I know there is danger to me in being here; I came with a will to meet it."

"There is more danger than you think of," said the hermit, watching the countenance of his young friend narrowly as he spoke.

"I care not for the danger. Tell me of Iantha."

"But suppose your very life were in danger if you sought the maiden?"

"You may start me of danger if you will, but do not seek to place the barrier of fear between me and my destiny for I know not the emotions. You, Arishaus, taught me when I was a boy, and your wise lessons have not departed from my mind. You taught me that there were many things more to be feared than death, and I have come, prepared rather to die than, live all alone in a distant land, with the sad memories of my unhappy country for my only heritage."

"And you would not turn from death, should it come in the shape of danger between yourself and Iantha?" The old man's gaze grew more earnest as he thus spoke, and a spark, within which seemed to gleam some newly awakened hope, burned in his eyes.

"My father," answered Alaric, with a faltering accent, "would scarcely feel offended, did I think that I could die for Iantha; and, could I but know that my brother lives, and could rescue Iantha from the hands of the tyrant, I would die with the blood-stained crown of Sicily upon his brow, could I but secure to myself the power to secure while life is mine."

Arishaus started to his feet, and grasped the youth by the hand.

"Noble Alaric," he cried, with a joyful enthusiasm, "thou art worthy of the maiden's hand. She does love thee—she cherishes thy memory within her heart as the most precious thing on earth, and for long years she has lived upon the hope that thou would'st return to her."

"O—the gods be praised!" ejaculated the young man.

"But," added the hermit, in a changed voice, "there must be danger in thy path. Pyrrho holds the throne only through the fear and enslavement of the people, and he knows it. Your father was one of the first to murmur against him, and he was one of the first whom the usurper found it necessary to put out of the way. You are not only the very image of your noble parent, but you must remember that you had arrived almost at the full stature of manhood when you fled from Syracuse. You were then seventeen, and from your resemblance to your father, especially in one so early developed as you were, there is not much change. You were a man then, and you are so more now. So you must expect that you will be known and recognized."

"Aye—the old fisherman, whose eye is at the front of the mount, recognized me as one whom he had before seen."

"You mean Glycus."

"And I remember his name now, though I had forgotten it. Yes—he was sure he had seen me before."

"And remember that he had only seen you accidentally, as you were wont to pass to and from my cave; but there are those within the city who will be sure to recognize you, and should the king, or any of his host, know of your presence, your destruction would be planned at once."

"And can I be of so much importance as that?" asked Alaric, incredulously.

"Why," replied the old man, with a shake of the head, "when a tyrant begins to fear his people, it requires but little to magnify his danger. You are the only survivor of the old patrician stock that remains true to Sicily—you are the only living male representative of the house that once stood around the throne of Hellum. Let Pyrrho but dream that you are in Syracuse, and he would not sleep till he had thee in his power. Dost believe the city danger now?"

"Yes, good father, I do. But I fear it not."

"Be wise as well as brave, Alaric," said the old man, with an admonitory motion of the finger. "The truly brave man is not reckless. He shuns danger when he can do so with honor. Remember that you would not be the sole sufferer should your friend fall amid the foes. She whom thou lovest would suffer, too."

"I will remember, father," spoke the youth, with much feeling. "I will shun the danger as much as possible. But—I shall find no home in Sicily, after all, if my life cannot be my own."

"Let us speak of that hereafter," replied Arishaus. "First, do you see Iantha, and when you have found all right in that quarter, we will consider further."

"I shall find her with her father."

"Yes—and his house is just where it was eight years ago."

"I will go and seek her, then, and——"

"Hold, my son. You had better wait till nightfall ere you enter the city, and also exchange that Greek shirt for a garment less likely to attract attention, for I assure you that too much care cannot be taken."

Alaric was impatient to see Iantha, but he saw the force of the hermit's reasoning, and he was willing to wait. So he sat down by his old teacher's side again—not as he had sat years before, when receiving instructions from the same lips—and listened, as the story of the wrongs he had been done in Sicily during the last eight years. How after hope passed away, and yet Arishaus had still more to tell of the tyrant's cruelty.

"Beautiful heavens!" cried the youth, fired almost to frenzy by the recital, "how have the people borne all this?"

"They have borne it under fear of their lives. Pyrrho's soldiers are posted at every place where a murmur can arise."

"And how long shall it last?"

"Till some spirit, with a heart big enough, to love Sicily more than life, and a soul that rises not like a worm, shall arise to Syracuse?" pronounced the old man, solemnly.

Alaric started as he met the glance of his aged companion, for there was a meaning in it of more than mortal import. He leaned not trust himself to speak then, for the feelings that had sprung to life in his own soul were so wild and strange that they fairly startled him. He arose and walked out upon the mountain, and over and anon, as his eye rested upon the distant city, the thought in his soul came to startle him again. He did not seek to analyze the emotion, for it was no bold and ofgentle, to guide-like to be miley represented to be dared not handle it with reason.

After a while Arishaus came out and touched him upon the shoulder.

"Alaric," spoke the old man, "it is waxing late, and we may be on the move. Let us eat a crust of bread, and then we will descend the mountain together. I must go with you as far as the fisherman's cot, for there we must find a sure-fitting garb for you. Come in my friend, and may be trusted to the verge of the green."

The frugal supper was soon despatched, and then the two descended the mountain together. At the fisherman's cot they found a suitable dress that Arishaus had procured from his day's labor. Alaric soon exchanged his Greek garb, and explained to him as much of Alaric's story as he deemed advisable, he asked the necessary questions that would answer for the youth he went.

"I have a task, now, to perform," said the hermit, as he saw that Alaric was ready, and he accosted the fisherman, "and when he had gone this morning, I could have sworn that he was not one of your pupils. I remember very well how he used to pass here in his boat."

"Never mind now," interrupted the hermit, impatiently. "We are in a hurry. At some other time we will talk it all over."

That admonished, the fisherman led the way to his small craft, and the two followed. The latter set sail, and they were soon reboard. Alaric's leggins of goat-skin were replaced by long lose of linen, and his white linen shirt was exchanged for a dark Grecian frock, beneath which he could still conceal his short sword. After this the hermit accompanied him to the southern shore of the bay, and there stopped.

"We had better not be seen together beyond this point," said the old man. "From here the way is plain, and you have had caution enough. At the gate you will not be stopped, unless some of the guard should take the whim to question you. Be wise, sure, and cautious, and let me not you to remorse."

"I will not forget."

"Then may the gods guide and protect you."

With this admonition turned back towards the mountain, and Alaric, with a heavy heart, and sight were gathering over the city as the youth passed on. He had the old password, the guard had already lighted their torches. He had gone a few steps when a voice commanded him to stop.

"Didn't you perceive me a fish for my dinner, thou lying knave?" the voice continued.

"I have mistaken your man," said Alaric, biding his face as much as possible, and assuming a deep desirous so to do.

"Then pass on, and I have. There's not Mission!"

"No," returned our hero; and as he spoke he kept on.

"That's a strange face," said one of the soldiers.

"And I thought, a fair one," added another.

"How now?" asked a third. "Has a ranger passed?"

"Yes—a fisherman."

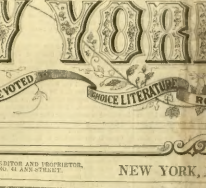
"Then I and that Greek vessel was upon the coast this morning, and we should know them the hundred."

Alaric heard no more. He turned the first angle in the street that presented itself, and then hurried on. The way was familiar, and he had no difficulty in selecting the various avenues he needed to follow, but he was not known. The bad reason to believe that he was followed. He took several winding passages for the purpose of avoiding pursuers, but he could not get rid of the echoing footfall that sounded upon the pavements behind him. It seemed to grow more earnest as he hastened—it stopped when he stopped—and when he hurried on the echo hurried after him.

CHAPTER II.

LOVERS.—AN ALARM.

Within a comfortably furnished apartment of an humble abode near the western wall of the city, sat two individuals. The first was a man some fifty years of age, stout and muscular in frame, and wearing the garb of an artisan, with the dust of toil still clinging to him. He possessed an



THE ARRIVAL OF THE VASE.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

open, kindly countenance, and if it lacked its complexion, it certainly made up in keenness of frankness. Such was Bellerue, one of the most skilful miners in Syracuse, and possessing a full knowledge of sinkhorses in the highest and more elaborate branches. A gentle, comfortable disposition had led him into society of his own choice, and an antipathy to turmoil and watch, and an unwillingness to assume such responsibility, had kept him from rising to any eminence in his profession. There always is room for another miner, but he remains his humble position, though every desire of his social life tended to the contrary, where he was.

The other person—the reason's computation—was a female. She had seen just twenty summers, and was as beautiful as the poet's dream. In form she was light and graceful, her limbs full and round, and her white frame full of life and vigor. Her features were of true Grecian mould, with large, dark eyes, over which drooped long lashes of silken texture, while a mass of wavy tresses clustered about her supernly rounded shoulders. Beyond the few honest friends who sometimes partook of the maiden's hospitality, she was not known. Bellerue had guarded her with a miser's care, and for three years he had answered calls who knew of the treasure of beauty that dwelt within his walls. The humble gentlemen who shared her father's confidence loved her devotedly, but they loved with a worshipful awe, for the kindling shepherd loved his goddess; and they were all pledged not to speak of her in their intercourse with the outside world.

Don't call me foolish, father," said the maiden, imploringly.

"I do not call thee so, Isolde," the master returned, "I only wish to help you to see that you press a most bitter disappointment. How can you hope that Alaric will ever return?"

"My love tells me so."

"Ah—but love is blind."

"Then its feelings are the more to be relied upon, for they come from the internal promptings of the soul. But I feel sure he will be true when back to me."

"I hope he may, my sweet child, and if he could know how good and how beautiful you are, I am sure he would. But remember—you have only twelve years of age when he went away."

"And if I have remained so long in the love of that early time, how much more should he have done so, who possessed the soul of manhood within which to endure his passion?"

"Aye, Isolde, I know you have the strong reason of love on your side, but there are other things to be considered. Think of the danger he might encounter by coming back."

"I tell thee Alaric fears no danger," cried the beautiful girl, with enthusiasm. "He is bold as a stranger to such an emotion."

"And yet he fled from it when his kindred were slain."

"But not since through fear of death," quickly replied Isolde. "He fled from a sense of duty. There was no reason why he should remain, but every reason why he should flee. He was the last male father, when you call his courage in question."

"Pardon, sweet child; I meant no such thing. What! I call in question the bravery of Alaric! Shall I cast a doubt upon the true courage of the son of the noble Osmund? Forbid it, Isolde! I know his soul well."

"I did not think you meant it, father. But no—we no this one thing: In there in Syracuse, a man whom you would have no worry, should Alaric ever return?"

"My eye has not rested upon such an one, Isolde. I speak not from such a motive. When I tell thee Alaric may be dead, I tell it not for the cause I fear he may never find thee."

Then he sat once, and paused, while his dark sight the bright golden tresses supported to see if a dream, and if one that should be dispelled at once. At least I will hope yet awhile longer, for it is sweet to hope."

Bellerue could not find it in his heart to do more towards dispelling the bright promise which the maiden cherished, and in silence and meditation upon another topic. Only a few words had been spoken, however, when a loud rap was heard without, and the host lighted a torch and went to the door. When he returned, he made a motion for Isolde to leave the room.

"It is a stranger," he said, "and it is not meet that thou should be present."

But the maiden neither spoke nor moved. She had heard the tones of the visitor's voice, and her quick ear had caught a familiar sound. Bellerue would have reminded her again, but the stranger was close behind him, and quickly entered the apartment. Isolde saw not the handsome father's garb—she only saw the well remembered feature which she had carried within the sacred repository of her affections for so long a time. They were changed a little—they had assumed more of manhood—but not changed to love.

"Sweet Electra, my dream is true! the cried, as she started forward and threw her arms for hands. *Alaric has come!*"

"He Heaven looks down with richest blessing!" the young man responded, as he folded the maiden to his bosom.

"In truth, good Bellerue, it is," returned our host, extending his hand as he spoke. "Surely this should bless us."

"Aye, and I do know thee now," the host responded, grasping the youth warmly, and gazing eagerly into his face. "By the graves of Pluto, I could not mistake that face. Thou art grown wondrously like thy noble father!"

"Then I hope I may emulate his virtues."

"I hope you may—I hope you may—and I think you will. But it is late, and I doubt not I can hardly believe my own eyes. I know that face can be none save Alaric's, but should it prove to be false?"

"They do not play the false, my father," said Isolde, winding one arm about the youth's neck, and resting her head upon his bosom, "for my heart pureed towards him at the first sound of his voice."

"Aye," responded Alaric, folding the beautiful maiden once more to his bosom, "love like ours need not fear deception."

"I am satisfied," replied Bellerue; "and it gives my old heart new life to find so glorious a subject for his sympathy."

The trio were soon seated, and when they had rejoiced somewhat of their companions' Alaric gave a brief account of his adventures during his absence from Sicily. Isolde sat all the while with her head upon his bosom, ever and anon lifting her eyes to catch the warm glances of his love. At length the old craftsman went out; and the lovers were left alone. They told over the tales of affection they used to tell in other years, and for an hour the world was shut out from their thoughts.

"O!" murmured Isolde, after Alaric had imprinted a warm kiss upon her brow in token of the renewal of his most solemn pledges, "now that you have met me, and my heart of love is full, I begin to fear the dangers which may beset thee."

"Let us not think of danger now, my beloved," replied the youth. "Thou should not fear, for my sad happiness unalloyed."

"Aye—but we should not forget that there is a future, and that we must be watchful of the joys to-day if we would have them with us to-morrow."

"Then art right, Isolde. And I will be watchful. I know there is danger in the way, but I fear it not."

At this juncture Bellerue returned to haste, and there was a look of trouble upon his brow. He closed the door behind him, and then turned towards our lover.

"Alaric," he said, evidently striving to assume a calmness which he did not feel, "have you any reason to suppose that your entrance into the city this evening was particularly noticed?"

"Why do you ask?" demanded the youth.

Isolde had watched her lover's face, and she saw that he was startled by the fear that he had some cause for alarm.

"Speak!" she cried, starting to her feet, and seizing her father by the arm. "He has cause for fear!"

"Beloved," spoke Alaric, gently putting her back into her seat, "I will tell you. Have you seen? He not alarmed for me." Then turning to Bellerue he continued,—

"Now what has happened? Why do you ask such a question?"

"First answer me," returned the old man, hurriedly.

"Well—I think my entrance was particularly noticed."

"And do you think you were followed on your way hither?"

"I thought I was."

"Now why have you asked all this?" demanded Isolde, eagerly.

"I'll tell you," answered Bellerue. "I have just come from the inn near the Temple of Diana, where I overheard a conversation between three strangers who had just come from the Southern gate. They said that a Greek vessel was soon to leave the coast this morning, and that some one landed from her. I also made out, from their conversation, that the king had been informed of the fact, and that he had given orders that every stranger who entered the city should be closely watched, and that all of his movements conveyed to him."

"And does the Sicilian monarch descend to such narrow surveillance?" asked Alaric.

"It is obliged to," replied the miner. "His throne is upon so frail a foundation that a passing breeze of treason might overthrow it. His fears are constantly excited, and especially so when there be acts his subjects upon the watch. The approach of every vessel is reported to him, and if a stranger lands he is sure to be watched until his business is ascertained."

"Then I may be assured that I have been followed," said our lover. "I have acquired a while on my way hither."

"And if such be the case," added Bellerue, "we shall hear more from it."

But before we wait for that we will take some steps of our own," cried Alaric. "Let us see the building-place must be found."

Alaric was upon the point of speaking when a loud knocking was heard without, and a voice demanded admission in the name of the king.

"By! by!" cried Isolde, seizing her lover by the arm.

"Hold," spoke Bellerue, who became calm in the presence of danger—"hold—for see me no settled escape now, for our house may be watched upon all hands; and if he is caught in the act of feeling, a deeper and more deadly suspicion may be aroused against us."

"Right," quickly returned the youth. "As matters now stand, if there be danger we must look it in the face. But I think there may be no cause for alarm."

"Alas! you know not the fierce cruelty of the wicked king," said Isolde, still clinging to him.

"Be not over-hasty, my beloved," he responded the youth, "and I fear not to meet him."

Another thundering knock was given, and Bellerue started towards the door.

"We must meet it now," he said, "though I wish I had known your coming had been noticed. Isolde, you had better withdraw."

"No, father—"

"Hush! In this I must be the judge. For the good of him you love I bid you go. Come, my apartment."

"Aye," added the youth, leading her towards the inner court, "do as he bids you. I shall be safe enough. At all events, I will see you again."

His kissed her and blessed her; and as she rose from the apartment just as the host unbarred and opened the outer door. The stranger stepped in, and her lover by the hand ere she left him, and, with a parting fear upon her heart, she asked him to be careful.

The thought of thus shall be inducement enough to that end," the youth said, as he made an effort than to furnish them with animal life that they might do the bidding of their master. Others were the uniform of a lieutenant, advanced from his companions and gazed into our hero's face.

"You entered the city this evening?" he said, in a voice betokening command, but noting that short moment his mind was made up. He quickly judged that any falsehood might be rash figure him, and he resolved to tell the whole truth.

"I did," he answered.

And you landed from a Greek vessel this morning?"

"I did."

"You will go with us to the royal palace."

"But why is this?"

"Because the king has so commanded."

"And I see him to-night?"

"We come not to answer questions—only to command your attendance at the palace," said the lieutenant, gruffly.

"Our gracious monarch will evidently see you to-night," interposed Bellerue, who saw the flash of indignation in Alaric's eye, and feared that he might make matters worse by giving way to his feelings.

The youth saw the old man's meaning, and he curbed his rising emotions.

"Are you ready to go?" asked the officer.

"At my moment."

"Then we have nothing further to detain us here."

Alaric put on his cap, and as they passed out through the narrow passage Bellerue found an opportunity to whisper to his ear:

"Be cautious—keep a guard upon your temperament and Isolde's name, nor suffer any allusion to her to drop from your tongue. Let us hope that the danger is not great."

And yet there was a tremulousness in his tone—

a terror in his very breathing—that belied the words of hope he spoke. Until this moment the youth had not felt serious alarm, but as he caught the look of horror upon the honest artisan's face, he knew that there was cause for fear.

The gods be with thee!" spoke Bellerue, as they reached the porch.

But Alaric made no reply. At that moment a brilliant thought was upon him, and before he could call his senses back for an answer he was hurried into the street. The officer walked by his side, while one of the soldiers led the way, and the other two fell in behind.

The light of Memphis occupied Alaric's mind as he passed on through the narrow, dimly lighted streets. His retirement from he had sent in the fire cot down, and how his brother had been murdered; and the scene brought up with such a force it had now sent for him. It is a wonder that, with all his bravery, the youth felt a cold chill creeping about his heart as he approached the hall of the monstrous monarch.

CHAPTER III.

DARKNESS AND DOOM.

Pyrrho, king of Sicily, was in his throne of gold and precious stones, and about him were a host of his subjects, who had come there to pay their due and to trust. He was a middle-aged man; tall and clumsy in stature; with a face broad and brutal in its features, and roughly coated by dissipation and debauchery. If he had ever possessed the semblance of a lover man, he had lost it now, and his only hopes of safety were in the willing vassals about him, and in the fear which his cruelty inspired. The light from three large chandeliers of massive gold cast a strange luster over the large apartment—the house being floored with inlaid stone, polished mirrors; there from pillars of marble and porphyry; and here shining deeper hues from the gaudy tapestry that hung from the walls.

"I would like to know who this stranger can be," said one courtier to another in the chamberlain.

"Your society may soon end," replied that high functionary, who seemed to find a fit tone for the place in which he was.

"The lieutenant who had the guard at the Phœnician gate reported that he came from the goddess Diana, I fancy not the fine meaning of royal the city should be. Perhaps he comes with a specious among my people even now, which might be the most serious evil that could befall me."

"And does the Sicilian monarch descend to such narrow surveillance?" asked Alaric.

"It is obliged to," replied the miner. "His throne is upon so frail a foundation that a passing breeze of treason might overthrow it. His fears are constantly excited, and especially so when there be acts his subjects upon the watch. The approach of every vessel is reported to him, and if a stranger lands he is sure to be watched until his business is ascertained."

"Then I may be assured that I have been followed," said our lover. "I have acquired a while on my way hither."

"And if such be the case," added Bellerue, "we shall hear more from it."

But before we wait for that we will take some steps of our own," cried Alaric. "Let us see the building-place must be found."

Alaric was upon the point of speaking when a loud knocking was heard without, and a voice demanded admission in the name of the king.

"By! by!" cried Isolde, seizing her lover by the arm.

"Hold," spoke Bellerue, who became calm in the presence of danger—"hold—for see me no settled escape now, for our house may be watched upon all hands; and if he is caught in the act of feeling, a deeper and more deadly suspicion may be aroused against us."

"Right," quickly returned the youth. "As matters now stand, if there be danger we must look it in the face. But I think there may be no cause for alarm."

"Alas! you know not the fierce cruelty of the wicked king," said Isolde, still clinging to him.

"Be not over-hasty, my beloved," he responded the youth, "and I fear not to meet him."

Another thundering knock was given, and Bellerue started towards the door.

"We must meet it now," he said, "though I wish I had known your coming had been noticed. Isolde, you had better withdraw."

"No, father—"

"Hush! In this I must be the judge. For the good of him you love I bid you go. Come, my apartment."

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"

SONG OF A FLOWER IN AUTUMN.

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The South wind sends her golden bells
In fine for o'er the shadowy Main;
The melancholy glacier calls
Along the widely withering plain,
While fervour fires the steely rain,
And, trembling, seeks the sunless morn
Where waters shall not give again
Within the sad and dying year.

Ah, South wind! does shall come soon more;
Ah, lake! another waiting year
Will see thee by the graceful shore
Of sedges and of lilies fair;
And there will spread a joyous wing—
But for the flower, the gentle flower,
What do the harbingers mean to bring
But death in her beloved bower?

II.

Yet let me think of all the past
With golden days and gladdening light
The sweet, the joyous shadows cast
From all the starry wings of night!
At morn, the cool dew in her light;
At noon, on me the bees will revel;
At eve, some lovers rest the spirits—
These soothe the bitterness of sorrow!

III.

Yes, luscious storm! I reach on thee,
Thou beating on my withered breast
That graced in youth the rosy lay.
That was in Heaven's own purple dress;
That knew the Spring's first kiss,
That heard the early bee my lover,
And whisper to you darkening West,
—Whilst Cowper's mighty verse I hear,
Even as the shuddering soul of mist,
The dying flower hath come for me!

LOST IN A CAVERN.

As you approach the harbor of Matanzas from the sea, having lifted the blue loom of the mountain range of Cuba, the most prominent landmark that meets the eye are the "Pan of Matanzas" in the distance, and the "Pan of Matanzas" nearer at hand. The former are twin peaks of the highest elevations of the continuous sierra, which, forming the back-bone of the island, extends line gloriously through it, from East to West. The latter, which takes its name from their fancied resemblance to a loaf of bread, is a high, isolated hill to the right, and in the rear of the city. All its base flows the sluggish stream of the Yumuri, a little river which, partially obstructed by a bar-bank and matted growth of mangrove and cane, falls into the head of the bay. This stream, at its mouth, is spanned by a beautiful bridge, which, seen from the anchorage, adds much to the picturesque effect of the view.

The "Pan" to the rear, and the range of hills on the right, overlooking the suburb of San Severino, are clothed in tropical verdure. The symmetrical and graceful palm, with its tufted crown of plume-like leaves, and the most striking feature of the landscape. Their tall, tapering bulbs, crowned with their evergreen tufts of green leaves, stand out in sharp relief against the bright, deep blue of the Caribbean southern sky.

A nearer approach to the city by no means diminishes the beautiful effect of the picture. The low but substantially built houses are brought more distinctly in view, while the hills, grouping opposite to the city, display their rich and luxuriant growth in oriental fashion; new blossoming with color, garden, and golden with the fruit of orange groves, and the immense and beautiful bunches of tropic regions.

Within the fossiliferous limestone rock, of which the Cuban hills are formed, are found many fissures and caverns, some of which have been explored to a great distance. These caverns afford holding place for runaway slaves, who, until their intricate recesses, may remain safely concealed for years. At night they venture forth into the plantation and feeding themselves with plunder, return to their concealment, where the day is spent in alternate feasting and sleeping, the African's only conception of happiness being the gratification of his appetites and indolent inactivity.

There is one of those caverns within the bowels of the Pan. A short ride on horseback brings you to the base of the hill, or, if you prefer it, you may employ a boatman, and row up the Yumuri to within a short distance of the mouth of the cavern.

A tortuous pathway leads up the rocky eminence till you arrive at the base of a cliff, where opens a beautiful fissure formed by the arch, the entrance to the "Cave of the Conspirators," (*La Cueva de los Conjurados*,) and reaching from the spring time, in the times of the Carlist war, the meeting-place of a political organization, whose object was the independence of the island.

The cavern had become, of late years, the resort for parties of pic-nic-ers from the town. Within its cool and spacious chambers were found delicious fountains of pure water, and the myriad stalactite suspended from the high-arched ceilings, lighted up by torches, made one of the most brilliant spectacles in nature. Its surpassing beauty and magnificence can be imagined only by those familiar with the story of the fairy creations of Aladdin's lamp.

In the center of the principal chamber, a large stalagmite rising from the floor, and terminating not from a slender foot-stalk, like a gigantic mushroom, covered the purpose of a table. Around this other lower stalagmites, like the pillings of the turbot of the Intestine in solution, were arranged as convenient distance for seats. In fact, nature seemed to have had the fitting up of this magnificent place as an appropriate banqueting hall for the gods, and a more delicious retreat from the sounds of the city and the heat of the tropic's beams, the gods themselves could not have imagined.

One day a number of gentlemen were assembled under the quarter-deck awning of an American ship lying at anchor in the bay, and while admiring the fairy landscape about us, the high headlands which I have described, naturally enough attracted our attention, and the conversation turned upon them. I had been over the hills to "Pan," and the remarkable cavern within its bowels, whose new entertainer, Captain Bowen, proposed an excursion to the mountain, and the cave of the conspirators.

In accordance with this arrangement, the morning light found us early abroad, provided with refreshments, and all the necessary articles for a social enjoyment of the day.

We proceeded up the Yumuri in boats, and after furnishing ourselves with a guide at the silo (small farm) at the foot of the "Pan," climbed up some little distance, and, arriving at the low cleft, entered the entrance, and prepared for the exploration.

We had scarcely entered the cavern, when, on turning an abrupt angle of the perpendicular walls which formed its sides, we were unexpectedly saluted with a burst of music; and, at the same moment, were almost blinded by a flood of light, which reflected among the stalactites from a hundred torches, filled the chamber with myriads of resplendent gems supported from the overhanging roof. Who had prepared for us this almost royal reception we were ignorant, till, turning to our crowds companion, and detecting a peculiar smile upon his face, we accused him of being the author of the compliment, an accusation to which he immediately pleaded guilty.

After spending more than an hour in this magnificent apartment, and sitting down to an excellent dinner, served upon the natural table, and enlivened by music, while the echoes of the cavern gave the brilliant scene, Captain Bowen, and myself, who had not entered the mountain, and as entrusive exploration of the cave, directed the guide which we had employed to conduct a party to return in a couple of hours, at the farthest.

At the side of the chamber we were now in, about half way between the floor and the ceiling, the guide pointed out an opening in the rock, up which we were to climb up to the passage, being the mouth of a cross-cut path, the natural outlet of which seemed to be the ragged roof. We have to descend into *El Purgatorio*, (purgatory,) for you know through that we must pass to the "heaven" beyond."

We threw the light of our torches into the black pit, and drew back with dread. A wide, deep cavern lay beneath us, and a cold, damp air rushed up, and flared our torches. A raw, earthy scent pervaded the place like that of a long-deserted charnel-house. We were amazed, however, by our guide, that the passage, though a damp, and somewhat dangerous one, was perfectly safe. He sprang torch into the pit, which fell upon the floor, some twenty feet below; and then descended by the same, partially lighted up the place. Though deep, the descent was easy, as there were a number of ropes and ladders, and broken bostes, shoved down from above, afforded a foothold.

The guide, fastening a slipping-noose of the rope around a stalactite, dropped himself into the pit, and we soon followed him. The horror of this "hell" we found were more imaginary than real. We were in a cavern with our torches, but a palaverous was changed to beauty. The place, of low years, had a very beautiful effect. The stalactites were comparatively unstained by smoke, and the reflection from their gems, from our torches overlived.

There was a strong draft of air through this chamber; an indication that the cavern communicated with the outer world, by other passages than the one by which we had entered.

On a level with this floor, we joined another party, which had left the cavern before us, and settled into a high, vaulted chamber, like that in which we had left our friends. Here the echoes and sound of merry voices from the outer chamber became more beautiful; and as the party entered, we proceeded, become lost altogether. We were now in the heart of the mountain, and though we still we continued to pass deeper and deeper into the mountain, till we reached what the guide declared was the termination of the cavern. And here, in fact, it terminated in a wall, excluding all our torches close to the walls, and minutely examining the nature and structure of the rock, we detected what at first sight appeared to be a fracture in the perpendicular wall, but, on closer and more examination, proved to be a natural opening, filled by quartz and crystal. We were astonished to perceived that they were not only artificially arranged, but were evidently of a more recent character from the rock of which the cave was formed—they were round and water-worn, while the others were broken stalactites. A few kicks of our heavy boots soon demolished this feeble barricade, and we found ourselves in a wide, circular room, one of wider dimensions than we had yet encountered.

Here our guide refused to accompany us any further, declaring that he would not venture to attempt this to penetrate beyond this point. He had no doubt the cavern was full of runaway negroes, and it was as much as our lives were worth to visit their hiding-place.

The guide and myself, however, were determined, as we had proceeded so far, to make a more extensive exploration; and sending the party back to the first chamber for fresh torches, we sat down and waited their return. When the guides returned we renewed our examination, leaving the party to wait for us, with the same assurance that we should not be long absent.

We now followed a tortuous passage, sometimes ascending at a gentle inclination, and then again dropping down, making it necessary to resort to the use of our hands and feet to assist us in our ascent and ascent—now coming to a large, high, vaulted chamber, filled with the most beautiful stalagmites; and now climbing up the sides of the walls to reach the continuous passage. Thus we passed along for several hundred feet, when we came to a side passage, or branch of the main cavern. Stopping to the right we continued our admiring the flashing splendors revealed by our torches, and, after proceeding a few hundred yards, continued to increase in numbers; still endeavoring to keep to the right, we passed, in fact, without a length, finding them apparently interminable, we determined to retrace our steps back. But, to our silence, we found that in our eagerness for exploration we had involved ourselves in a labyrinth of passages, without taking the precaution to mark the way we had come.

When winding through a narrow passage, where we were certain we discovered objects, we had observed a narrow passage, we made another effort to retrieve entering a large cavern, whose dimensions could not be reached by the light of our torches,—or a suddenly finding ourselves standing upon the edge of some fearful, and apparently bottomless gulf, down which yawning depths, but another step would have precipitated us.

We were uncertain which way to turn;—indeed we were lost! But the caverns of pure air, which occasionally reached us, as we descended into one of the caverns, were scented with the breath of the sea, and we knew that by following that current we were to us, in the deep bowels of the earth; and still inspired us with courage and hope. The glowing beams of the sun, could hardly have been more hopefully cheering.

Still we continued to thread passage after passage, and chamber after chamber, till, worn out with the exertion, we were obliged to throw ourselves upon the damp rock, and rest our weary limbs.

On examining our watches, we found to our horror, that we had been wandering through this subterraneous labyrinth more than five hours! Added to this,—our torches, which were its tatoes filled with oil, were nearly burned out; but still they threw out a flickering light, which my companion proposed to economize, by extinguishing his own, and continuing our search by the light of mine alone.

On we stumbled through the winding passages,—the caverns of air becoming fewer, and the air proportionately—till as we were turning a short angle, a sudden gust flung, that we had before encountered, struck my torch. The wick, being but partially saturated with the remaining drops of oil, held on through the gust, while the flame was blown back, and sicked it with fury, but it burned up,—struggled so hard for life, and still failed to have on, in the one time of greatest need,—and then,—darkness, palpable and terrible, wailed us in.

The captain grasped for me, and blinded me his take, in which rendered a little oil. But alas! it was no no longer of any service to us; my matches had become dampened in my pocket, and refused to ignite. Now, despair indeed awaited us. We threw myself, exhausted and hopeless upon the damp floor of what I had no doubt was the cavern our last resting place. We were already exspiring for want of food and water, a necessary for a man would never again intrude;—and burying my head in my hands, I gave myself up to my despair and fatal inevitable fate.

The guide had fleeming men, in the last struggling grasp of life, behold, in one vivid, lightning flash of exciting, earthly intelligence, all that they had left behind, and, when, in the next moment of their lives. I believe it,—for in that fearful moment, there came crowding through my brain, all the good and evil I had ever done;—every thought, and word had left its memory for me to read, and all the loved faces of wife, children, and friends, seemed crowding upon each other, but each in prayer, though rapid succession. Each thought, each deed, each face, each hope or regret appeared distinct and unconfused.

I was lost to my former situation, in observing the mental phenomena, as they filed in rapid procession through my excited brain;—till I was aroused from my reverie by the captain's voice exclaiming:

"All what do I see!" and laying his hand upon me,—he shouted, "I see a light! I see a light! Thank you Lord, we have been in the dark and behold that boon is the distance!"—and so I sprang to my feet, and discovered that the captain was in the direction from whence a faint boom, as of a distant light, partially lit my benighted vision.

"Courage!" said he to me, "there was an outlet somewhere to be seen. There was an outlet;—there was a light indeed. Losing all music in the darkness, in the excitement, we found our sudden removal of our hopes, we groped our way to the open light, and, as we did so, the echoes of the cavern were comparatively unstained by smoke, and the fragrance of the outside from the fresh air, which we breathed.

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DEER IN MISSOURI.

BY ONE WHO LIVED THERE.

There used to be a man in our place who made it his whole business to hunt deer. I had the only boy in the place, and he was about the most convenient for bringing home the deer he killed. The man's name was Simon Ogg, and he lived about a forty cents a quarter. Many a whole deer I have bought for a dollar. The hunters keep the hide; but you know, when you make a bargain for a deer, that you are not to have it. The man would not take a cent for the hide say: "I want the hide, I have killed a deer." When he brought it home he would give me a quarter for the use of my dog.

It is a remarkable fact, which is not generally known in the east, that, in that part of the western country, the deer multiply so population and the wolves decrease. It is common to see deer in droves for a time, until the population reaches a certain point, and then the deer soon cease to be abundant, and gradually disappear. This is owing to the fact that the animals are fond of the young corn crops, and the superabundance of food which the farmers provide for their cattle. The farmers have not time to exterminate the deer; and they generally think much more of their corn than they do the deer.

Wolves are not. Deer, therefore, are often seen in the corn-fields; and, although one or a few deer do not do much damage, sometimes a drove, roaming about the country; and they continue to be troublesome, while the farmers give them *extra very little trouble on the subject.* The deer are very destructive of fruit, and will break down fences to spend the winter, living on corn, which is left in the fields. I have seen no more than a hundred deer on a fallow-ground prairie at one view, and I have been told by a thousand. I have known several prairies in my district, some of them several miles square, and every season burnt over, either by accident or by design. I must tell you something about the way in which the animals are destroyed, because when the prairie is on fire.

I was once crossing one of our prairies on horseback, when I saw a heavy smoke at a distance, and I knew that it was a fire. As the wind was from much accustomed to western life, I paid little attention to the smoke, until I found it was coming towards me. Looking around, I saw that the fire was soon saw fire in the grass, at no great distance, on my left hand. This manifested more to me

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

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In addition to the above unequalled array of distinguished authors, every one of whom writes for the Ledger alone, we are favored with occasional contributions from scores of other popular writers, as will be seen by the table of contents from week to week. We pay more money for contributions to popular and ordinary papers, in order to make a great and good paper, that is paid for by one subscriber, and read in the country and in the city by thousands, than we can afford to pay for contributions to larger than the combined circulation of any two others.

ALWAYS IN A CRISIS.

The writer once met Judge Kane, the venerable father of Dr. Kane, of Arctic celebrity, in the news-room of the Athenæum in Philadelphia. We were all calling for the evening news as usual, when Judge Kane, rising, addressed the company thus: "When I was a boy, the whole community was agitated on the question of the constitutionality of a national bank, and the Revolution. The news from the other side was looked for with intense interest. What will the English court and parliament do next? Will Chatham, Burke and Barre carry the day? or will the infatuated measures of Lord North be permitted to add drops to the cup of the bitterness and intercalation of a bloody war? 'Well, well,' people would say, 'the next packet will decide the matter.' And it has been *the next packet, the next packet*, from that day to this. The startling events and serious features of our own times would, if written, have been concluded by 'the packet' which brought the news of the recognition of our independence. But the yet bloodier revolution of France, with the general shaking of the nations which attended it, speedily followed. Then the period of hapless, fitful fever and astonishing events, followed. His rise and decline, his downfall, his escape from Elba, his second downfall at Waterloo—his exile on St. Helena, his constantly apprehended escape, kept us on the qui vive for many years. Our own second war with Great Britain, with a long train of stirring events before and after, followed. Then came the rise of the *anti rental* sharpthy crusade. And here we are looking for the *next packet* to tide day!"

It is about thirty years since this conversation. One grand drama after another has been enacted on the stage of history. The French Revolution of 1830, under French Revolutionists in 1848, accompanied (as French Revolutions always are) by others more or less complete and permanent, in Switzerland, Prussia and Hungary, and pending famous mercenary rumblings in all the countries of Europe; the *coup de main* which placed the "*Napoleon*" into an absolute monarchy, under the Napoleonic dynasty, the Crimean war, the Italian, the vast and startling advances of science, have made the last thirty years quite as full of excitement and expectation as the half century reviewed by Judge Kane. "The next packet" has passed *the next decade—the next third—the next fourscore telegraph*. Months occupied in the transmission of news, have dwindled to hours, and hours and will ere long dwindle to *minutes*, if that mysterious ghost, vulgar publicity, does not soon vanish as well as we firmly believe it will, be replaced by intelligencers, and make room for a more rapid and infallible communication. But it matters not. Though the Atlantic is converted into a vast whispering gallery, through which the voice of the Nation will roll back and forth the events which take place on either side the Atlantic they occur, expectation will cause the less to be constantly on the stretch. The *next sale of the plantation* will be awaited with just as much impatience as *the next packet* in the days of old before. *The next sermon, the next chorus and the next drama* in yet older and *dearer* times. The world ever is and has been *in a crisis*, and ever will be, "to the last syllable of recorded time."

History has great problems to work out. Humanity has a great mission to accomplish. Events crowd upon each other with great rapidity and magnitude, as the catastrophe approaches. To more surely, the changing phases of the world present the appearance of a momentary excitement; to thoughtful minds they afford subject of profound reflection; (for beyond all doubt, the events of our own time as well deserve the name of history as those which occurred a thousand years ago;) is there who look upon men and things in the light which Heaven has shed upon them, what thoughts, what hopes do they awaken. Anchored in the first belief that "the Most High ruleth in the affairs of men," they look calmly on the troubled surface of society, assured that all events will terminate in the triumph of truth and right.

EX COMET—CONTRASTED.

Of old, the comets in their appearances brought terror to the human race. Ignorance and superstition combined in regarding them ominous and foreboding evil. They were portents of war, famine, pestilence, the anger of the Deity, and portokane the destruction of the globe. Their coming was unadulterated, their comers unknown. To some they appeared as vaguest meteors, emerging in space, and winning their trails of fiery splendor from contact with the machinery of the universe. To others they were no less than hands in the grasp of avenging angels, ready to smite the world. To all they were a mystery, a wonder, and a terror. Were I would retired the ecclesiast, when they beheld these flaming heralds of anticipated doom, and the tribes and peoples of the earth called their eyes from the terrible brightness. Better better were the religious, the superstitious bilking of the faces of the gods—than the cowards, the fearfully visible tokens of Divine wrath.

But the human mind is no longer afflicted with these olden terrors. It has outgrown its swaddling of ignorance and superstition. Piercing the azure, it has measured and mapped the comets, solved the mystery of eclipses, and found and fathomed even the subtlest principles of the laws governing our power. The comets no longer wander, lawless and terrible, our cause beneficent with evil, to earth or men. Their courses are as immutably fixed as the orbits of the planets, being as the radiance of Heaven. The splendid specimen which has for many nights been trailing its banner adown the heavens, is the latest of the long and glorious procession. It was, indeed, a magnificent presentation—a glorious display. Its appearance was the instigate of that God, of whom the divinely inspired Isaiah so nobly sings, "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things."

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PAY AS YOU GO.

This exhortation has become a proverb. It deserves the classification, for it is full of wisdom. But it is not put in practice by many of those men who acknowledge its importance in theory. The consequence is not only injurious to them, but to those with whom they are brought into pecuniary relations, both to themselves also. Not unfrequently, the neglect of this maxim causes the seller to receive only "cents for pay," while it creates loss and unnecessary liability to the buyer, who is compelled thus his feelings. Then, what is asked and granted as a "favor" proves a "curse." Take the case of persons who had fallen into such a habit of making something else than paying their bills as soon as charged, if they had free dollars in their pockets, and in small amounts at that. The consequence is, they had this curse become in a whole neighborhood. Their credit is destroyed, and by young people of wealthy prestige particularly, are they looked upon with scorn. If one's a business," to the system. They have not the credit of those who, in small one there, until everybody became inclined to the inevitable of credit, and were lucky, if they did not find themselves, sooner or later, in the condition of the hire! "Hard times," and "scarcity of money," were upon everybody's lips, whereas a recollection to the "pay as you go" policy, had enabled them all to get along without embarrassment, and made "hard times" easy.

FREE BAD.

At a wedding which was recently celebrated in Cincinnati, the bridegroom, in addition to the usual customary fee tendered to do on such occasions, bought and exhibited a pistol, with which he fired all the bride's saddle-shod copious tears. Camphor and caustics were liberally applied, and the emotions of the bride being soon subdued, quiet was in a fair way of being restored, when, to the consternation of everybody present, the bridegroom's "best-beloved" right out, and went on crying at a rate which was truly appalling. It was a long time before he could muster his emotion sufficiently to speak; but at last he gasped out, and when he declared, in answer to the question, "What are you crying about?" that he was determined that his wife should not have all the crying on her side, for *he'd go bad about the wedding as she did*. The burst of laughter which followed this announcement completely effaced the effects of all the previous exhibition of grief.

RUBY-BODIED.

Many a man has been the victim by "nibbling his own business," and many another has lost a fortune by attending to that of his neighbors. Let us learn from the past, and profit by the term phrase "mind your own business," and not be ruby-bodied. Let us be *faithful to God about the nothing we do for ourselves*, and we shall be sure to be faithful to our neighbors, something to advise about in the spirit of busy-bodies. Let us be ruby-bodied, and not guilty of mischief-makers! Then they render themselves perfect nuisances, and thereby incriminate the approach. If a neighbor gets into any difficulty, he or she is immediately approached, and in the course the effect upon his feelings, or go about "playing him from the bottom of their hearts," is the thing of mischief, and thus increase the original difficulty many fold.

MR. CORB'S NEW STORY.

We this week commence the publication of a new story—a story—in The Tower Farm—by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. The first installment, which will be found in the Literary Notices, speaks for itself. The story is one of the very best, if not the very best, which Mr. Cobb has ever written. The scene is laid in the old Scotia times, and in a land of which he is a native, and is the theme of the most thrilling events, of the wildest romance, of the bloodiest crimes, and the most terrible retribution. One of the most powerful stories, filled with a master's hand, has constructed a romance which we think will be greatly admired and enjoyed by our million readers, and that will add to his already unsurpassed popularity.

ALICE CARY.—Hereafter, the gifted lady will write for no paper but the Ledger. Her sole property is in great among the females of America, that publishers of weekly papers have been willing to ally been able to offer inducements sufficient to secure one of her sweet warbles for their columns; but from this time forth the Ledger is the only caskets in which she will deposit her poetic gems. Let it be distinctly understood, therefore, that here after *she will write for no other paper*. We elated a week or two ago that we had engaged Jenny G. Scott to write *exclusively* for the Ledger; we now follow with the announcement of our new arrangement with Alice Cary; and as soon as certain matters we have under way shall be completed, we shall make an announcement which we think will condemn a greater sensation than any event which has ever occurred in the publishing business.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by FANNY FERN, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

A BREAKFAST REVERIE ON LEDGER DAY.

Ah! here comes the Ledger! Fresh and fragrant! That's what I want to know. Nobody killed or murdered, no steamboat explosions, nor railroad accidents. The beasts and heathens all tame and well behaved; brickbat cooked to their taste, politics pure, ready and handy. No cruise to invent; nothing to do but to make love all day long—and even the consolation of a digor for Adam, or a bit of scandal for his wife. The serpent must have been a blundering old bother to dadled with him. "*Satan* finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and heads too. A newspaper would have saved her. In the first place, there would have been the excitement arising from her aggravating husband having the first reading of it, smoking all the while, so that she could read all about "the frightful loss of life," as the pathetic newspaper have it. I wonder would she have considered it scorning from her husband's mouth to agree with her on some point politics, or on the great stirring questions of the day, if she would have been so ready to call it discourtesy of those, and pulled his whiskers, I wonder? If he had whiskers. I thought of in the other Sunday "it mentin," when the minister was reading about him. Of course I ought not, but I did; and I hope the Lord will not have been so to be loved by the pre-men. Before his heart had time to become callous under the weight of men's hearts are now-a-days, before they are twenty-five. I am afraid though, Adam grew tame and stupid, else Eve never would have flirted with the serpent; not that I would have such an excuse to couldn't have you this so. Oh, no. In fact, I don't know why I make that remark. I suppose it must have been a natural one, though, else it would not have suggested itself; not that I approve of everything natural, by any means, and I wish you would not keep clambering up on my chair, Master Charley, for I have to write two weeks before I put it down. If there is anything I hate, it is to be hurried. I am not like some anybody except Mr. Bonner, why has too much confidence in me to give me a week's notice, and so pronce in, because he is sure that I will not disappoint him. He comes and delivers orders more needlessly hold their breath for fear I will. Well, it is a long jump from Adam and Eve to Mr. Bonner, and I can't help thinking they had been acquainted. I can't help thinking that if Adam had been Mr. Bonner, he would have waited for the New York Ledger, Eve never would have had it waiting for her. Instead of that, I fear the long slave crawl upbraiding for the fact very reason. It was not Adam's fault, nor Eve's, Je, and Eleanor Bennett were not born. The poor things had no mothers to tell them what to do, and they didn't show flight; there were no perilous adventures, no hair-breadth escapes, no storms, no snows to shut in the thrill of love, no sleighing upsetting delight of hearing a heroine hanging by the eyelids, and the consequent delicious tender position till the following Thursday, when we should hear how she got down. Poor Adam and Eve! Their tastes were by their mothers' apron strings in this world. And then, how could Eve have had the delight of a difficult to keep your secret when it's dying to tell? Why, they would not be *too* sure, I can tell you that.

I am afraid I shall disappoint Mr. Bonner by every Thursday, "Ah, 'tis Leisure day, is it not?" I hear a voice say. Not a bit of it. Lawyers are found in Fulton street, throwing the sheets to the right and the left, and the shops of every description are closed. Though discreet or neglected, Thursday is a day of the week, nevertheless. Ledger day! Ah, that's the reason they're busy, is it? Well, I am glad to hear it

THE BOUNTEOUS GIVER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"He giveth food to all flesh."—Ps. Psalmist.

God giveth to the helpless babe
A mother's nurturing care,
And still the man, in strength unbow'd,
The watchful eye, and unwearied prayer,
To Him for food repair.

The raven, on the desert sands,
The ox, to pasture led,
The fox, returning to his wild,
The lamb, that strayeth from the fold,
Are by His bounty fed.

The wandering denizens of air,
The tiny insect's (scarcely seen!)
The eagle, high in cyclral homes,
The sporting owl, or midnight bird,
Are fed from waters their food.

The whale, that lies an island spreads,
Amid the swelling main,
And all the countless realms that keep
Their social counsels in the deep,
Look all to Him in vain.

The insects on their gauzy wing,
The beasts, that roam the wild,
The birds, by its rearing strong,
The cricket, with its chirpings hoarse,
Are cast by Him forgot.

Yes, even the grovelling reptile-race
That crawl from hidden lair,
In Nature's ample circulations find
Some sustenance for them exempt'd
By His unbarring care.

Throughout this wide and teeming earth,
In mountain, vale or grove,
Thro' ocean-depths, and fresh'ning streams,
He feedeth all His least built reeds,
With bountiful power, and love.

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XCVI.

THE MEETING OF THE TWINS.

Some persons picture winter like old age—dull and cheerless; to others it is the season for sport and every manly enjoyment. It has, at least, a pleasure peculiar to itself, being the period of the year peculiarly set apart for the interchange of friendship—the re-union of long-severed families and friends, rejoicing as meet once more around the patriarchal board as that magician-day, when peace on earth and good-will to men was first proclaimed by angel tongues to the astonished shepherds on the mountain top.

The night, although intensely cold, proved a lovely one, and the chaise which conveyed the party covered Baldoon entirely merrily along the spring and level road. The fields and gently undulating hills, no longer clad in summer's verdure, or the more rosy foliage of autumn, but in the silver livery of winter, appeared like a landscape carved in ivory as they glittered in the light of the moon, which, like a lamp suspended in the heavens, shone brightly in the light of its reflected image in their way.

Jack Sanders and Caleb, who occupied the rumble of the vehicle, enjoyed the journey exceedingly. It was home, and though neither of them would have owned it, yet in their hearts, England, the word had still a spell even for them.

"Do you know anything of any sort of the country we are about to visit?" inquired Caleb of his companion.

"Not much," was the reply; "but I have a relative who resides there, a sort of uncle."

"Lucky fellow," said the miller; "no doubt you are impatient to see him?"

Jack admitted that he did feel *rather* impatient.

"I can imagine the pleasure of such a meeting."

"Can you?" exclaimed his friend, with a bitter laugh. "All I can say is, that your imagination must be exceedingly strong; then / for Andrew Sinclair would scarce see the interval separate his cabin, or a hailin' on the farm, than the face of his nephew."

"What!" exclaimed Caleb, "the old rascal who trepanned you on board the Charmer? Why, I understood you now. Of course, you intend to thank him?"

"*Me*, seriously," muttered the farmer. "But haven't you friends in England?"

"A number," answered the young man with a sigh, "and I dare not go near her yet."

"Why so?"

"I am not of age; when I am——"

"You intend to square accounts with your precious father-in-law," added Jack, finishing the sentence for him. "All right, I can understand that. I, too, have much lovely matter to settle. Suppose we await each other?"

The proposal was agreed to, and further explanations might have been entered into between the speakers, but for a circumstance which made a considerable impression upon the mind of one of them. Just as the chaise entered the common close to St. Faith's, the heavy-looking dog-cart, which we met in it, emerged from one of the by-roads. It was drawn by a powerful black horse, and both it and its companion were muffled up to the eyes. But that might have been to protect them from the cold. There was nothing in their appearance to indicate that the promotion was intended for a disguise.

On catching sight of the chaise the driver of the dog-cart suddenly pulled up, as if uncertain which road to take; his hesitation, however, lasted but an instant, for on his companion exclaiming, "Take the right turn!" he gave his horse the rein, and started at a rapid pace across the common.

It might have been that their route lay in that direction, but Caleb could not help fancying that they had changed it to avoid being recognized.

"What a powerful horse," observed Jack.

His fellow-traveler took no notice of the remark; he was leaning over the side of the rumble, attentively considering the appearance of the two men, the voice of the one who gave the direction to take the left, had evidently struck him.

"How very odd," added the speaker.

"What is it?" demanded Jack, in the tone of a person whose reflections have been suddenly broken in upon.

"That they should have quitted the high road at our approach," answered his friend. "I wonder if they will take to it again, now that we have passed them."

"No doubt of it."

The supposition proved a correct one; for the two vehicles had not crossed each other more than a couple of hundred yards before the dog-cart was seen driving along the usual track.

Caleb repeated his observation that it seemed very odd.

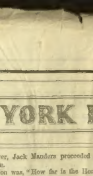
Those circumstances, from whatever source, evidently made a great impression upon the mind of his friend, who, during the rest of the journey, appeared buried in his reflections.

It was near midnight when the chaise drew up at the little inn at St. Faith's. The landlord, who had long since retired to rest, had to be roused up, to receive the unexpected guests. A fire was speedily lit; and whilst our hero, the farmer, and Harry Morton stood over the crackling fagots, enjoying the blaze, Jack Sanders proceeded to the stables to have a little private conversation with the ostler.

Caleb went with him.

At first the man, not over delighted, perhaps, at having been disturbed from his sleep by the arrival of travelers at such an unwonted hour, did not seem inclined to be very communicative, till the sight of a crown piece unlocked his tongue; then he could not be too communicative.

With a tact that might have done credit to an



THE TWIN BROTHERS RACE TO FACE.

old Bailey lawyer, Jack Sanders proceeded to cross-examine him.

His first question was, "How far is the Home Farm from the village of St. Faith's?"

"About three miles."

"Who lives there?"

"The old steward, Andrew Silex."

"Is he much liked in the country?"

To this inquiry the ostler appeared embarrassed how to reply, not knowing whether the speaker might be a friend or foe to Andrew. Of the latter he had no wish to offend a gentleman who paid for information in this liberal way.

"Some like him," he answered, "and some don't; for my part, I know nothing bad of him—that is to say, very bad."

"Or good, I should say," observed Caleb, amused at the hesitation of the speaker.

"Well, not much," said the man. "He filler, like the rest of us, can't please every one; but he is in high favor with my lady."

"No doubt of that," thought Jack, remembering the scene he had witnessed in the park when Lillian was transferred from the care of Rose and her husband to that of Andrew.

"But he is rich," added the ostler, in a tone of confidence, a piece of information he thought that could not do any great harm either way.

"Of course

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

of agony, and rob even death itself of half its terrors. Old Ned wellerved such scenes, but never felt the blood rush from his heart as it did on this first glance into that lonely chamber, where Fisher Jack, who had forced the half-unwilling servant upon his intent, was holding back his head by the chin, gray locks, white like wool in the act of drawing a knife across the victim's throat.

With a shout of terror and amazement the young sailor leveled his pistol and fired. The ball struck the aged fratricide in the back; the knife fell from his palsied hand, and a yell of disappointment escaped him.

The murderhawk, whose coolness and presence of mind never deserted him, was not a glance that the intended had no second weapon. It was dead, very hard, to be disappointed of his plunder, and each plunder, too; but personal safety now became the first consideration.

Retaining his hold of the half-murdered man, he darted towards the window with the agility of a wild cat; but Caleb, whose eye was quite as quick, intercepted him, and a brief but desperate struggle ensued.

"Release me!" muttered the ruffian, between his clenched teeth.

His antagonist made no reply, but clung to him with desperate determination. It was a death grapple to one if not both of them.

Twice they fell upon the floor of the chamber. The last time the ruffian struck his temple against the heavy oaken table. The blow caused the lights to dance wildly before his eyes, and he was seized by fearful of his assailant was a mocking smile. Caleb's strength was describing fast.

"If I could only find the knife," thought Fisher Jack, releasing one of his hands from the neck of the young man, and falling along the floor in search of it.

By this time voices were heard at the porch, and the noise of descending feet upon the stairs. The farm servants had been aroused by the shots at the cutter and Jack Manders.

The murderhawk felt that an instant's more delay might cost him his life. He threw down the table in the backyard of Chatham. Caleb fell back, he started to his feet, and stared for an instant down the room.

Andrew Siler, although severely wounded, for the blood gushed fearfully from his throat, had contrived to crawl towards the table under which contained his treasured gold, and during the struggle, instead of attempting to assist the preserver, had been making desperate efforts to close the lid, which fastened with a spring.

As the assassin stretched forth his arm to secure at least a portion of his contents, the old man succeeded in the attempt, and closed the lid with a sudden clash.

A low chuckling laugh broke from his lips.

A curse issued from those of Fiddler Dick, as he grasped with the fury of a tiger disappointed of its prey, around him; and probably he would have completed the work of death his confederate had commenced, had not the noise made by those breaking open the door of the garden-gate warned him to provide for his safety. Seizing the pistol-pistol which had fell upon the table, he sprang through the open window and disappeared.

When Jack Manders, the cutter, and three servants succeeded in forcing an entrance, they found their worst fears realized. The steward lay welcoming in his blood; his brother dying, and Caleb bewildered and half stunned from the blow he had received, incapable of explaining the scene that had taken place.

Jack's first care was to assist his brother.

"Speak to me! are you wounded?" he exclaimed; "the knave's man speak to me! This is to be a night of terror!"

"It be murder, I think," observed the cutter, pointing to the gore of treachery which the servant had raised from the floor and placed in a chair.

"Murder heard-dead," said one of the men, "but he do bleed awfully."

"What has occurred?" demanded the housekeeper; who was entered the chamber in a state of self-collected, quiet air.

As the spirit of the partner of her crime she paused for an instant, and gazed upon him; but no glance of pity shot from her cold, gray eyes; and the contrary, they appeared to express satisfaction rather than commiseration.

"I thought it would be so," she calmly added; "the gold he lived for has been the means of his punishment. But where is the murderer?"

Caleb, who by this time had partially recovered, pointed to the window, and with some difficulty pronounced the word "There."

Jack understood him, and tore aside the curtain in his time to see Fiddler Dick, who had reached the dog-cart spring into his seat, and drive off at a furious pace across the country.

"Escape!" he said, in a tone of disappointment.

"One on 'em," observed the cutter; "but here be another?"

Mike, who during the struggle between his confederate and the young sailor, had succeeded in crawling under the table without being seen, now dragged forth, and by no gentle hands. At every movement the wretched Irishman groaned and complained; the torture he endured must have been exquisite.

"Why this monster's brother!" exclaimed one of the servants, and the office laborers, not knowing what to make of the affair, began to look doubtfully upon the two strangers. The cutter better with them, they had an apparent right to.

"Till the result of the night's crime is known," observed the housekeeper, "I will take charge of these."

As she spoke she disengaged the keys, though not without some violence, from the grasp of Andrew Siler.

"Pardon me," replied Jack Manders, snatching them from her; "I am the fittest person."

"Can?" replied the woman.

"As your service, madam."

"And by what right?"

"Simply as his nephew. Oh! you need not look surprised," added the young man. "I am not in the least proud of the relationship."

At the word "nephew" Mike's eyes had been placed in a chair directly opposite the one filled by his brother, who was still insensible, although those around him had succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage—uttered a deep groan, and pronounced the name of "Jack."

"Here I am, uncle," replied his relative. "I said you we should meet again. You see I have kept my word."

"Yes, curse you!" muttered the old convict.

"Would I had found you a better man."

"You don't know all," exclaimed Mike, with momentary strength. "I came to the Home Farm, and Andrew and that woman who hanged her own husband through jealousy tried to poison me."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Jack; "but I warned you not to trust him."

"That and the worst," continued the dying man. "Seeing he couldn't send me out of the world by

CONTINUED ON OUR NEXT.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

p'isen, he did it as bad—managed it another way: got my ticket-of-leave recalled—sent me to the hulks."

"He own brother?" exclaimed Caleb.

"Ay, ay, the twin-scamp! We reckoned enormously like each other; but he was the cunningest of the two, for he always got the best of it."

Here a succession of violent spasms cut short the speech of the fratricide, and the upper portion of his body writhed like that of a twisted snake in agony, whilst the lower extremities remained perfectly still.

At this allusion to his resemblance to his brother, the servants sprang from the midst of his horror, for never, perhaps, was the likeness more apparent than at that moment, as they sat, each supported in an arm chair, one insensible and the other writhing in the convulsions of approaching dissolution.

"I didn't believe well to yer, Jack," continued the old convict, when the violence of the spasms had subsided; "and it wasn't my wish neither. Andrew would have yer most to sea: he said it was safer, and yer know I always gave way to what he said."

"I felt it bitterly at first," replied Jack, "for the captain proved a brutal tyrant."

"Hard lines," interrupted the old man; "no doubt, no doubt."

"But it turned out for the best at last. Providence raised me up friends, and I am in England again."

"In what line?" inquired his uncle, faintly.

"That is my secret," was the reply.

"That's what we all say till we're found out," muttered the recluse. "In the police, I s'pose," he added, bitterly; "for I'm sure I've worked after a plan, and in a more philosophical way. Honesty is humbug: I see yer might have been higher, Jack, and put me out of my misery at this hour."

By all the holy in heaven, I wish I could!"

"It was not a vile fiend that shot," observed Jack Manders; "only Fiddler Dick, and I suspect, by yer relation that it was not."

"But it was," exclaimed Mike; "it was he!"

Caleb acknowledged that the act was his. The old convict regarded him for an instant with a curious mixture of pride and fear, then his head shuddered and turned aside.

Ambitious were arrived from the village in the person of the constable and Doctor Phrase; the latter of whom immediately took charge of the steward, whose wound he sewed up, and then turned to the former, who had examined the body of the wound satisfied him that all human skill was hopeless.

"I know it," groaned Mike; "I know it."

At the sound of his voice, Andrew Siler, who, by this time had recovered his consciousness, sat up and regarded the speaker fixedly—there was something horrible in the glance that had changed.

"Caleb," exclaimed the doctor, "and alive! How did it occur? Who is the guilty wretch?"

Andrew and Caleb looked at each other, and pointed to the murderer, who was seated opposite to them.

"What, you—no, no, impossible! Why, you are brothers!"

"Twins," added Mike, "and uncommon like they used to be."

The steward attempted to speak, but Phrase positively forbade it, and in his eagerness, they found chance of saving him depended on his maintaining absolute silence.

At the words "chance of saving him," an expression of unspeakable agony overclouded the ghastly features of the assassin. The hope—the only hope—of escape, or rather mercy, for not even the sight of his victim's sufferings could repress the burning wish for liberty had resuscitated.

The doctor turned with a feeling of disgust. He felt as that moment almost grateful to Andrew for the deed of treachery which had removed him from the influence of so bad a man.

The constable and Caleb again took up the cutter and a chair and pencil were brought him. With a groaning frame he wrote a few lines and handed them to Phrase, who read them aloud—

"To all you may concern in my death—

"Does not that move you?" demanded the surgeon, addressing himself to the old convict: "his heart is too hard then to appeal to—he was the accomplice of forgiveness."

A low chuckling laugh was the reply.

"And is anxious that you should recover——"

"Not exactly," muttered Mike; "he wants to know his—you don't."

The glance of hate and fury which lit, for an instant, the dull, gray eyes of the steward, proved that the speaker had read his motives more truly than Jack Manders had done.

Andrew wrote again—"Where are my keys?"

"That has been found," replied the housekeeper, "and is taken them," replied the housekeeper, impatiently.

"They were safer in my possession than in yours," replied the young man; "but I do not wish to retain them. I come to the Home Farm to exact an account for the treasure I left in your charge. Conscience must have made the means of detaining, if not preventing, a fearful crime. My uncle had the right to say to whom he would, or to sign them—I am quite ready to give them up."

"Indeed, Mr. Jack Manders!" said Mr. Dr. Phrase; "then as my responsibility is, I should say, unloaded, you can receive the keys at once from them to us."

The steward shook his head, and wrote hastily again. The speaker would have taken the slate from his hand, and read his wishes as he last penned them, but the dying man would resign it to no one but Jack. The words were—

"Keep them."

Both housekeeper and doctor looked exceedingly disappointed, as the surgeon received from the keys into his pocket.

Before resigning, however, both Mr. Thornton—the former in his magisterial capacity—our here, and the two friends who had remained with him at the village inn, arrived at the Home Farm, whilst a number of villagers crowded round the house.

Among the latter were Farmer Minter and poor old Simon Gray.

As the death of at least one of the parties appeared inevitable, the magistrate excited his surprise, on his way to Sir Paith's, where he arrived only a few hours previous to the murder, he had left the inn, accompanied by his friend and the cutter; that his friend had obtained entrance to the oak room by means of the open shutters, whilst he and his guide alarmed the servants, who slept at the north side of the building; he knew no more.

Whilst his nephew was giving his evidence, the steward watched him closely, listening to every word with intense interest.

"You did not actually see the crime committed?" observed the magistrate.

"No, sir."

"Are you related to Mr. Andrew Siler?"

The question had been prompted by the housekeeper.

"I believe that I am his nephew, sir," answered Jack; "but I am by no means anxious to claim the relationship."

"Why not?"

The witness remained silent.

"Then why bring persons of his position?"

"Of course he does," replied the housekeeper, bitterly; "it is part of his scheme: it has been well planned."

"What has been well planned?" exclaimed Jack Manders, turning suddenly round, and looking her full in the face.

The woman remained silent.

"Then why did you not call the servants?" inquired Mr. Dr. Phrase, who was puzzled by the question.

The witness is my nephew. I request him to keep the keys, being possessor of the house, and remain here till I recover."

"Then why did you not call the servants?" repeated the gentleman.

"Till he recovers," repeated the gentleman.

Sir Phrase, who had the strongest suspicion that something but favorably for the recovery of Mr. Siler, replied—

Seeing that Andrew was sufficiently strong and collected to write a few lines, as well as answer them collectedly, the magistrate next proceeded to examine him, his replies, as a matter of course, were brief, and as much in point as he could.

"From whom did you receive your wound?"

"From my uncle."

All who heard this shuddered.

"Did you not call for the cutter?"

"No."

"For the clerk?"

All waited with insane curiosity to hear the reply to this question.

"No. I thought he held me whilst Mike cut my throat."

"Do you know the man?"

"No; he is not here. The young fellow in the yellow jacket is the man."

Every one present looked upon the old convict with undisguised feelings of horror. Although he had never shown any great susceptibility on the score of the crimes and punishments which he inflicted on him, he appeared to feel it on the present occasion. His head fell upon his breast, his eyes drooped, shuddered, and the scene of destruction was complete.

"But you don't know why I did it," said he, with an energy that startled the whole, as, with an effort, he rose, and reclined outcommon like—no motive positively known. I'll tell you where I was, and I won't for that, it war all about the girl Lilly that I did it."

At the allusion to the heroine of the tale, both Mr. Thornton and the lieutenant became greatly interested.

"Will any one give me a mouthful of brandy?" said the victim's sufferings again appears the burning words they had proclaimed.

Mr. Thornton turned with a feeling of disgust. He felt as that moment almost grateful to Andrew for the deed of treachery which had removed him from the influence of so bad a man.

The constable and Caleb again took up the cutter and a chair and pencil were brought him. With a groaning frame he wrote a few lines and handed them to Phrase, who read them aloud—

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"You did not actually see the crime committed?" observed the magistrate.

"No, sir."

"Are you related to Mr. Andrew Siler?"

The magistrate looked surprised, imagining that the speaker alluded to the steward, although badly wounded, was not yet dead, and might possibly, he thought, recover, despite the awkward choice of the doctor's knife. Andrew Siler took the words of his nephew in a smaller light, and regarded him with a look of angry impatience.

"Yes," he answered, quite; "continued the cutter, who began to feel himself rather an important personage, in consequence of the share he had taken in the adventures of the night. "There be another in the house," he added, "the one we found in the creek."

"A corse!"

"He's spoke, a dead as I'm!" replied the rattle, with a chuckle.

Jack and his friend at once related their finding the body of Stanhill before the vital spark was quite extinct, and described the spot where they had left it.

"Did he speak?" inquired Mr. Thornton.

"A few inattinket words," answered Caleb.

"Did you catch their meaning?"

"No, sir; the only one I could swear to was 'the drink,' and another which sounded, I think, like 'poison.'"

The eyes of the steward and his nephew met; they shrewdly suspected the means by which the former had sent out his death.

At the request of the magistrate, a party of villagers accompanied the farm servants to bring the body; it the latter positively refused, even at the bidding of one they so much respected, to undertake the task. Their shrewd guess as to how the night had terrified them—a feeling not to be overcome, even with the recognition of the supernatural. Now Nature, even Barney Gee and the gamekeeper, could not have induced the assistance on a number had not taken place at St. Paith's on the night of the sudden death of the old inhabitant.

Dr. Phrase now insisted upon the wounded patient being conveyed to his bed, or he would not answer for the consequences. Andrew Siler, who he possessed the strength, would have resisted the attempt. It was his last chance of preserving life to move him from his gold. His eyes, like his adversaries, were riveted upon the receptacle which contained his treasure; and the thought of its passing to another person for a moment gave them an approach of death.

At the request of his nephew, Mr. Thornton not only offered his aid to the task, but undertook to take charge of the keys.

"I do not know you, Jack," muttered his uncle.

"Not another word," interrupted the village practitioner; "I must insist upon absolutely silence, sir——"

"Let the man go," repeated the dying man, heedless of the caution. "I won't—I dare not be left alone."

"A clergyman would be a far more fitting person," observed the young man, seriously. "I can send for one, if you desire it."

"Andrew Siler started, and looked at his nephew: the words you spoke to fear."

"I am rich, Jack's rich and children," exclaimed the steward.

"Not if you resign your gold," replied his nephew; "were you to offer it to me I would not accept it. Dr. Forget," he added, kneeling by the side of the unhappy man, "I am not the old man heard, that I know the means by which you obtained it. There is a curse upon it; cries shake for every penny."

Andrew Siler uttered a groan of mingled rage and despondency. It was something to which the experience of his long life was opposed, which had not been encountered by the hardened villain, but been trained to a career of sin—who had voluntarily labored his conscience, and had even his wish he had stopped his own soul in guilt.

"Let me go," he again and again murmured; and the words came blazing, like the arch-tempter's fire, from his lips all closed in death.

"Were it an time greater it would not change my views," said the unbending nature. "God has been merciful to you, more merciful than to many wretched brothers. He gives you a few hours to repent. Use them wisely, and dispose of the treasure of yonder chest for one that may in some degree atone the means by which you obtained them; for I repeat it, not a coin shall ever stain my hand."

"It is an honest one now," he added, in a tone of contempt; "I see that you are a fool."

And he was right; if the words were proudly spoken, they were bitterly spoken. No human can be considered morally responsible for his actions who has not the right use of his faculties, and for years past the poor neglected boy had been enough but evil; the world had been against him, and, like the untaught savage, he had preyed upon it in return. No parent's voice had told him that he was such a thing as honesty, the social compact, or the law of man—therefore, he had never heard a prayer, till that hallowed one, fraught with divinest hope, fell from the lips of one, uttered by Lilian in her solitary chamber.

Even wise reasoning than more accident, perchance, in the words which first arrested his attention—"Lead us not into temptation."

Daily and hourly all have need to repeat them.

As the plant rooted in some dark and noisome dell, grows with its broken towards the entrance of light which penetrates its dense shade, a the heart of man tends to repentance and love as soon as it perceived it; clung to it through shame and suffering, till the work of reformation began.

Under such a triumph, he might truly say, "The past has been effaced."

The words "mercy" and "repentance," from any other lips, in all probability would have rendered but little effect on the cynical nature of Andrew Siler; but, coming from one who had been deemed in infancy to a career of vice, and yet remained uncontaminated by the objection of sordid gold, they startled the long-slumbering conscience of the dying man, whose head sank heavily upon his breast.

"Very improper; in fact, I must say, highly improper!" exclaimed Dr. Phrase, "to agitate my respected patient at such a crisis. Remove him to his bed, Mr. Thornton; he is the servants," aided, very gently, at once."

Caleb and our hero, placing his hand upon the shoulder of his humble friend, "think better of it; stay with us. We have room for you, and we'll make you comfortable."

"Thank you, sir," observed Jack Manders, wringing his hand, and, without a word, followed the servants as they carried his wretched quite from the room.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

A woman being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered—"I did it out of pure revenge."

CATCHING SEALS.

BY AN OLD "SALT."

"I first went to sea as a cabin boy," said Captain Sleeve, "and my father took me in his vessel on a sealing voyage round Cape Horn. The most delightful place I ever saw was a cave in the rocks close on the shore, among the places which we visited during the voyage. In this cave there were two kinds of seals—the hair seals and fur seals—which came each quietly different from each other. Then the hair seals are called by several different names, according to their size and age. The biggest matchers are old males, and fearless creatures they are to fight. The next, two years old, have seven shelf hair seals in the museum, or at least pictures of them. You know these pictures are not fast or legs—so they flip flapper, so that they look as if it would be impossible for one of them to get along at all on shore. But I can tell you I have seen them go at a good rate over the rough beaches and along the land, especially when they were frightened.

"I never shall forget the first time I went to kill seals," he went on to say. "They leave the sea in the night, at particular seasons of the year, and go up on the land, and there return early in the morning. We landed on a beach covered with pebbles, and took out our stations, along in a line, a good distance from the water, ready to kill them on their way back to the sea. We had brought long clubs with us, and hatchets and other things that might be convenient, and I expected nothing but an easy and a safe time. It was quite dark when we landed, and we waited for some time without seeing any thing. At last, by the sound of the surf, we came down from the land, and there was soon a black, very spiteful, and snuggle beach in search, and appeared not to be at all afraid of us. One of the men who was stationed next to me gave his shipmate a blow on his head with a handspike.

"The killing of the seals is a kind of sport not very pleasant to witness, for they don't die in such a manner as the striking of them and curing the skins. Seals have taken much pains, and, in hot or rainy weather, is most disagreeable work.

"My father," said the captain, "told me to get up with the men who were to kill the seals, and along by the shore till we came to a cave, where we had to wait for the coming out of the seals, and keep quiet. The cave was a large one, and as the men who approached, we found there were about a dozen seals there. They were of a dull, very lazy and craggy, at the bottom of which opened a narrow cave, or low arch, which we could see was nothing within on account of the darkness. But such a noise came from it that I felt terrified, and could not help thinking that there was a big savage way of crushing it. The sea flowed freely up into the cave, and the water was deep close to the right in. The light faded fast as we entered, and, in a moment it was as dark as pitch, and I felt something distinctly. It was plain, however, that there were no bears there, and in the general abundance for I saw their dark shapes all around us, many of them on the sides of the cavern, which were full of craggy rocks, some in the water, and, in short, wherever I looked. And almost all of them were in a state of motion, and were making a noise with their big, white eyes starting at us. And such a noise as they kept up! I had had enough when my father said it was too dark to do anything at that time, and that we must come again when the light was stronger, and we left the cave, and when we got out of the black hole, I felt happy enough to be in the open air. I would not be one of the next party to the *Gogmagotter Cave.*"

WILD ANIMALS IN CONNECTICUT.

My attention was first attracted to the subject of my present writing something some of the lively objects around me. I killed a field-mouse one day, by a stroke of my spade, while at work, and, during our resting time, at noon, which commenced a few moments after, I observed several other insects and reptiles, which I had not noticed. While I was standing by, a bug came buzzing along in the air, and alighted on the ground somewhere a different quarter. In a short time several other insects came up, and began to feed upon it, and began at once to seize upon the little carcass, which they worked till they had pretty nearly as I did at my mowing, and apparently with much more pleasure.

Ants, flies, spiders, bugs, and other voracious insects, get their information of the dead necessarily, a kind of voluntary, among the animals that in the air, to pounce upon a lion which had been killed by the hand of Adam, and from different opinions expressed at such birds being gathered in the air, and about the body of a dead animal. I had now a new subject of inquiry, which occupied me with many conjectures and led me to search for answers to my questions. Where do all these insects come from? Are they produced spontaneously from the dead body? Are they bred between these and the bald eagles were the water snakes, the eels, the muskrats, the woodchucks, the squirrels, and a dozen others, that I have in my surprise that water snakes and eels often leaved by the dead, where the head of a lizard in the valley from which, doubtless, the animals had come.

CHARLIE

BY SALLIE N. BRYAN.

A normal shape endued
With love and life and light and song;
And neither that love change but caused me
An image of some bright Eternity.
A shadow of some golden cloud.
SHELLEY.

I know the bright face we shall see,
In God our home has I dear—
Ah, by the manner of his being
And by my manner, dim—eyes are blind
And ears by and by because of Heaven,
Charlie, we united this time when,
And we shall then there is gone.
The unchanging beauty of the time.
And to me my memory of the time
Or that they were soon to me.

If this light were clouded most thine eye,
Or our mission in mourning, hey,
Then I'd not have known you.
There are a loveliness and joy
And there were more than this, I know—
But, Charlie, 'twas two years ago!

* * * * * * *

Scattered above the bright Dell,
And mute and shadows trailed and dim,
I see thee, as I saw thee last,
Living the autumn-wood's wild hours,
As through the passive open hours
Prophets voices in its sighing,
And gazing where was immortal hope
Far through the cold, gray clouds was flying.

How sacred and tabernacles those days
Watched that air wood's'ere silent flight—
An early pink, a wistful face
And love itself sang in light!
Thou wandered with me through thy hair
Full gold—curiously and low;
The quickest grass was in thine air!
Thy voice was blue-toned and like snow
And sweetest disciples nestled to
The parts, my thine and rounded skin.
In truth, then were the brightest too
Mine eyes ever looked upon!
And then I will remember that,
Then thinkest Sunday!

* * * * * * *

In that cold wood where all eyes were
Thou, in my tender-contents, rove,
And quiet upon thine lid I kneel
My adorations beyond this love;
In that cold wood, I say, I see
Thy face, as when we've said o'er—
Did those, once there, do so—ah me!
I might have written—many more!

* * * * * * *

If o'er I friend thou it was with—
Thou'll know I'm thinking of thee,
Thou'll know my life's most
Pulsing as a stream and deep,
A dream, a hope, a joy,
Then are, and will be, brightest boy—
And then we'll meet than Sir, I know—
But, Charlie, 'twas two years ago!

THE LOST TREASURE;
OR,
THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY STEVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

"There was once a knight," commenced Alfonso, "who had two sons. He was a stern, unyielding man, willful and haughty in his daily walk, a lord of iron. He was proud of his station, and to this golden all other things had to bow. The eldest son, who had arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and who was already a knight, and had fought against the Moors, was one day in the country where he met a damsel so fair as the full moon, as bright as the stars of midnight, and as mild as the evening zephyr. She was as lovely as the rose in full bloom, as modest as the violet, and as comely in form as the free gazelle. The prince saw her, and he loved her; and when he knew that the damsel returned his love he asked her to be his wife. He told her he was a knight, without fortune, but honest and true. She consented to his suit, and they plighted their troth then and there. Her parents were satisfied so long as their daughter was happy, and they seemed to love their son-in-law well.

"For some time things went on favorably. The prince found opportunity to speak to her or two days in the week with his wife, and he learned to love her more and more every interview. The damsel found her awaiting him, and the joyous beauties that gleamed upon her beautiful features told plainly how she loved in return. Those joys were as pure as the breath of heaven, and no thought of evil was with them. But clouds were gathering. One day the king's other son, who was eight years younger than his brother, happened to be out riding with some of his tutors, and he passed the cot where the lady lived, and there he saw the elder prince seated by the side of his love. He went home and told his father what he had seen; and when the first-born came the king asked him what manner of female he kept hidden away in the wood. The prince was startled at first, but he finally he said that it was only a pretty girl with whom he had sometimes whiled away a few leisure moments while out hunting.

"But the king was not so easily deceived, and he employed spies to watch the movements of his son, and in this the younger and darker spirit had sentiment. Nearly a year had passed away, and the young wife gave birth to a child. It was a boy, as fair and beautiful as the mother herself. The king heard of it through his spies, and his son was at once summoned to appear before him. But the prince happened very fortunately to learn of his royal commander before it was officially communicated to him, and with all haste he posted off to the country and found his wife; and there, for the first time he told her who he was. She was startled, but she feared of blame to speak.

"'My father knows that you have a child,' the prince said, 'for he has had spies about us, and even my mother has told him. I would wish me, I have not seen him yet since the knowledge came to us, but I must see him soon. Should you know that you were the wife of his eldest son—the wife of the knight held to the throne by new life, he would be sure to have our child put to death, and your own life would be in danger. I know him well, and I know he would do it. And now, my own love, are you willing, for my sake, to suffer reproach? Are you willing to swear you are not my wife—that you have only been my mistress? And are you willing to send your child away at once, and swear it died? Do this and all may yet be well. We will have our own little one cared for—we will be true to each other—and the time may not be far distant when all shall be bright again—when I can claim you before the world as my wife.'

"The faithful creature hesitated not a moment, but, with her arms about her husband's neck, and her face hidden in her bosom, she promised to do all he might ask. Her love was all powerful, and her confidence in his faith was unbounded. She said she would break the news to her parents, and have them secure the child at once.

"When the prince returned to the palace he received the order to visit his father. 'How is this?' demanded the king, very sternly. 'I hear you have a wife and a child.' 'Such, sir,' the son returned. 'Pardon me for my silliness, but the girl captivated me, and very I have reason to be ashamed upon her, but she may outlive it, for the child is dead.' The king cared nothing for the girl's shame. If she was not the wife of his son, and if the child was dead, he was content; but he wanted proof of this. He sent for some of the rods out to make inquiries for himself. He found the fair girl and mother, and he questioned them sharply; but they were true to the prince. The poor girl confessed her shame, and the mother also asked that the wicked redeemer might be made to pay those for the religion he had caused them. The child had been carried away to the house of an old woman who lived deep in the wood, and they swore it was dead. The king returned satisfied for the time, but he was not done with his further developments.

"Another year passed, and during that time the prince saw his child but twice. He was watched narrowly, and he knew it would not be safe to visit her often. Yet the child flourished, and the mother that he had been deceived. Spies had told him that they visited the cot of the poor girl, and lived, and that no father and mother conditions visited it. He was certain he had regained the favor of his in season, and the next movement was more fortunate still. The king sent for the child to have him a tutorial to Castile, intending, while he was gone, to search for the child. But the prince was ahead of his father there. He had spies on his mission, accompanied by four knights in whom faith he could perfectly rely. Before sunrise, on the when half a day upon his journey he turned out of his way and with his wife. He told her of the new danger that threatened them, and that he must take the child away. When he had explained to all all, the youngmother consented to the arrangement. For the sake of saving her boy's life she would sacrifice much. So the prince took the child with him into Arragon, and there he found a worthy knight whom he had once saved in battle with the Moors at Alcarez. The knight consented to take the child and bring it up as becomed his enemy. He promised to find a cot somewhere among the mountains, and there devote to the duties and attentions to the bodily and mental training of his charge.

"The king made his search, but he found nothing, and after a while he let the matter rest, though there were those who had their eyes open to every movement. Time passed on, and ever as soon the prince received news from the knight of Arragon, of the progress of the child; but he dared not visit him. He could be allow the mother to do it, for he knew that sharp eyes were upon them. The parents of the prince's wife held aloof, and she went to live with a distant relative.

"Twenty years had passed from the time of the flight of the prince with his child, when the king died, and he oldest son was crowned in his place. The first movement of the new monarch was to bring forth his long-loved, faithful wife, and have her seated by his side. Some men murmured at this, and some were glad; but the king cared little for the opinions of others. He was grown from a young man to one of middle age, and his wife had grown also. She was fair still, and was still beautiful, still loving, still the same sweet being of old. The joys of her husband's return were great, but not unalloyed. They wanted to see their boy. Then for they had overcome their misgivings for the sake of their child's welfare, and they thought the danger past, and they sent for him. Their messengers were in the city of Leon, and had been created, but they found it locked, and in a neighboring house they learned that the child knight was dead, and that the young knight had gone towards the south of Castile, overcome by fear and trouble. The boy knew not his parentage, for he had been told that his parents were of high origin—and he might wonder off and never be found by those who were so anxious for his welfare and claim him."

At this point Alfonso ceased speaking, and a bright drop was seen to roll down his cheek. His lip had been trembling for some moments, and he was deeply agitated. It was a sad history, and the silliness of the place, and all breaths seemed hushed. When the king ceased speaking, he looked upon Sir Enrique. He arose from his seat with a countenance beaming with joy, and hastened to where the youthful champion stood.

"Enrique! my Son!" he said, impetuously from his lips, and as the next moment the brave young knight was clasped to his bosom.

"Oh, God! is too much!" he repeated, but now restored!" the king cried, while the tears trickled down his face. "Oh, my son, my son! my long lost son! my child, my child! my child! my child!

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

IDLE FEARS.

BY ALICE CARY.

In our last childhood old folks said to me,
"Now in the time and season of your bliss,
Ah, joy is in the leaves of joy at last,
Not in possession, and in after years!"
You will look back on all you have and more
Than we possess, and from your farm-nest see
The far-off future like a cloudless sky
Without a single cottage scattered all its space."
I never saw an apple in the leaf,
And yearly and I have parted—long ago
I knew what time the fruit on me did set—
I knew when the fruit was ripe and when 'twas gone,
As I knew when my eyes and mouth had been
And I a sickly girl-child flowerer, but when
Accustomed sweets and tastes did make me wary,
I learned my father lied, and said, "Amen!"
And all my years to share with me and many.

My whisper spent toward the autumn weather—
I saw the planks of thunder walk the air
O'er the long, level stubble-land that breaks:
Beneath the lightnings rocks that jutting lie,
Become like goddesses for white beauty.
Then I remembered how, in days of old,
And in the thunder-cloud a train of kings
Through the brown bodies showeth any where.

Dear, handsome women, we must not greet you,
Nor you us, for we are not of your kind;
We are not fit for you, nor you for us;
With cheeky white complexion, and pale hair
Under rather brown, with wedding gown,
As and her bright-haired sweetheart of the sky
The image of her virtue may embrace,
Nor see the pain that underlies her rose.

THE TWO CROSSES.

FROM THE CONCEALED CHRONICLE OF A TRAVELER.

On leaving the capital of Mexico, with my pocket-mules and a guide, for Chihuahua, I took the regularly traveled route to Durango, and thence northward to the city mentioned. Until I had passed the latter city, I saw with no further personal adventures worthy of separate narration; but a tragic tale, which was related to me on the way, may not be without interest to whomsoever may peruse this transcript from my journal.

I had traveled all through the hot and sultry day down the beautiful valley of the Rio Florido, when, toward evening, I came in sight of a well-conducted hacienda, where, my guide informed me, I could remain for the night.

Meeting a horseman near the gate, I accosted him in Spanish, and learning that he was the proprietor of the place, I requested permission to remain with him till morning. With the warm cordiality for which the Spanish gentleman is noted, he replied:

"Welcome, Senor! In all that I can do to serve you, command me."

Taking him for such, we gave our animals in charge of the attendants, and Don Alberto de la Merque conducted me into his dwelling, where, after partaking of a most generous meal, I was introduced to his wife and daughter, the latter being a surprisingly beautiful young woman of about twenty years of age.

In the course of our conversation, I requested the Senorita to give me the history of two crosses which I had observed erected, one each by the roadside, not far from the dwelling—the cross in Mexico being to erect a cross on the spot where any person has been murdered, at the spot of which each passer-by spends a stone, at the same time repeating an Ave for the rest of the soul of the person murdered.

"Ah! Senorita Virgen!" exclaimed my fair companion; "there is a sad, sad tale attached to those crosses, Senor. It is now a few years since that a worthy man, by the name of Tennyel, a cattle-breeder, resided in a rancho some forty miles distant, having eight sons, all noted for their skill and dexterity in their calling.

"The two eldest of these sons were the principal actors in the scene I am about to relate. The first, Leopoldo by name, bore off the palm of muscular superiority—he being considered the handsomest of the two, and possessing in addition the advantage of having been educated in the city of Queretaro, which, in the estimation of the Indian lands of the fairer climes, ranks second only to Mexico. The second son, Roberto, was not polished as was his more favored brother, but of a generous, noble heart. Leopoldo could sing beautiful songs for the amusement of the Senoritas, while Roberto could lasso and throw the wildest bull; and while the former wasted his time in the perfume conversa with other lifters, the latter was engaged in more arduous and useful labor.

"Now Roberto, who had always been the winner at the various athletic sports in which the muscular hierarchy held its trophies at the feet of our Senorita Claudina, a girl of sixteen, who was noticed for her great beauty. During the absence of Leopoldo, she had been in a measure won by Roberto, by the possessing his heart, and which he had well earned at all odds, and all the labor which he had performed for the object of his most fervent love, and which they thought must result; but on the return of the educated brother, he became struck with the superiority of his beauty, and resolved to supplant Roberto in her affections.

"About this time Roberto was called away by business, and was absent several months; and during the interval, Leopoldo succeeded, by flattery and a smooth address, in gaining the consent of Claudina to wed him instead of Roberto.

"When the latter therefore returned, judge of his anguish on learning that she whom he had loved so fondly, whom he had labored so hard to had foreseen him for a few manly, but more learned and polished, suitor, they had terrible were his feelings at first against that brother who had so dishonorably supplanted him; but the spirit gave him their aid; and after a long struggle he at last became resigned to his fate. To still his love for the false one remained, to turn even brighter with the hope that she, for he was the one who loved truly, and there was never a moment that he would not cheerfully have laid down his life for her.

"At last, the wedding-day being fixed upon, Roberto so far conquered his feelings as to resolve to take a part in the ceremony which was to make her, who had pledged herself unto him, the bride of another. The nuptials were to take place at the hacienda, then the residence of the bride, and all the neighbors around were invited to participate in the festivities of the occasion, while Leopoldo and his sons were to be special guests.

"Some two or three days before the one settled upon for the wedding, the latter came to the house of her cousin, arrayed in their best, producing a train of wonder and admiration from the collected rendezvous, and the next day the company, all except Leopoldo, proceeded to the plain to drive in the herds for the sports of the morrow.

"It was at the mid-time of this fatal day, that Leopoldo and his mounted herds were assembled to drive-in-corn, at some distance from the hacienda. The sun was rounding at the gates of the west. After off on the distant plain arose the ragged cries of the Bolsos, which went hovering upward to the heavens, and catching in golden spangles the last rays of the departing god of day. Nature had provided the scene luxuriantly for the lovers, who, wrapped in their own happy dreams of present and future bliss, seemed to think of nought but themselves. Evening deepened as they talked and talked, and the gloom grew dismal in the slackening shadows which shrouded cold and grey on the plain below. The shrill notes of the quail sounded clearly on the still air, and the distant tones of the gregos came down from the clouds where they were driving their herds to the corrals, the lowing of the cattle floated over the plain to their ears—the whole producing that harmonious blending of sounds and scene which so fervently lulls one to a dreamy, pensive repose.

"Dearest Claudina!" exclaimed Leopoldo, 'what a lovely scene! presses me with the weight of complete happiness!'

"He ceased, and was followed by a long, deep sigh, I thought, and, very sad—something oppresses me with the weight of complete danger!'

"He replied her lover, and his voice was tremulous with fear.

"Forgive me, dear Leopoldo, for being so when you are present! It might have been the weight of coming happiness which my superstitious nature was overpowered! Ha! see! see! she said, in a more cheerful tone, and pointing to a cloud of dust against the line of distant chaparral; 'yonder come the half-breeds, and to-morrow at this time my dog-day. Let us return and give them a joyful welcome.'

"Her thoughts were even then of the wronged brother—his name passed not her lips—and Leopoldo knew it not.

"'Let us go!' was my brothers' he replied, glancing at the approaching horsemen, 'and we will give them the greeting of two happy hearts.'

"And Leopoldo, gaily and elated, bounded with three bowed into the arms of him who was in honor and truth buried her, embodied.

"'They are Indians! they are savages! Save me! save me!'

"Leopoldo again turned quickly, and saw with fear that there was indeed savages—a large band of fierce Comanches, who, seated in the wake, were brandishing their weapons and making toward them with demoniac fury—and with the sight of which the consciousness of his own danger manifested.

"Neither of the fate of the fair trembler by his side, and thinking of nought but his own miserable existence, he disengaged himself from the clinging arms of Claudina, and sprang away at the top of his speed, shouting as he ran:

"'Los Indianos! los Indianos!'

"He was not on the way by a single lieutenant—his companions, seeing him flee, were rushing toward the barricade—but had found the wild cry of the coward, and perceived his brother flying alone.

"Shielding his horse he had dashed quickly to his side, exclaiming in Spanish:

"'Claudina! Claudina! what of her?'

"'Yonder! yonder!' he gasped out the white-lipped and trembling coward, pointing back to her he had deserted.

"Roberto followed with his eyes the direction which his brother indicated, discovering the struggling lover-stricken, gazing helplessly toward her approaching foes.

"'Shall the blood be upon your dastardly head?' shrieked Roberto; and hurrying the reveler in his brow'shed, the noble-spirited, forgiving son of the wickshed, he was thundering over the plain to the rescue of her who was dearer than life.

"Claudina heard his victorious voice, as he came on, and turned her face up to him; but paralyzed with terror, she stood as rooted to the ground, and could only clasp her hands and shriek:

"'Save me, Roberto! for Jesu!'

"On, on rushed the lover to his lost love—and never even the savages in the rear of him—he striking with all his might to reach and rescue the fainting girl, and rushing forward to her destruction.

"Leopoldo, also fiercely-pointed warrior shot forward ahead of his band, with all speed that he poised for the fell work of death. His horse, urged to the greatest speed, Roberto saw with agony must reach her in advance of his own.

"'Fiend!' he cried, 'spare her!' hoarsely shrieked the agonized lover, as again and again he urged his steed to take the bleeding sides of his gallant steed.

"Now came a wild, fierce yell of triumph from the Comanche Chief as he saw that he was the first; and as the awful sound rang darkly over the plain, Claudina stopped upon her knees, clasped her fair hands in a mute appeal for mercy, prayed forgiveness for adultery, and awaited her doom.

"It came—not mercy, but the doom. The savage was too near—the love too distant—and the eyes of the gentle girl closed in a living cadaver for an instant to pointed the glittering scent of his spear. The next moment, driven by terrific force, it went crashing through her delicate breast, literally transfixing her to the earth. Without one word and bending from its body, the Comanche buried his murderous fingers in the raven locks of the fated Claudina, and another moment saw the grey scalp swinging in the air before the eyes of the now maddened and infuriated Roberto.

"But the triumph of the savage Chieftan was only momentary; for scarcely had his fiendish yell announced his victory, when, with a yell even wilder than his own, the avenging lover precipitated himself within a fatal distance—the almost unerring bow, thrown by his strong arm, encircled the neck of the savage with a sang—and the next moment, torn from his own head, he was being dragged over the plain at the heels of that of his foe.

"But alas for the brave Roberto! when and how

too latent upon rescuing or avenging the fair Claudina to save himself from the fearful fate that had managed meantime in out of his retreat, and who now began to close around him! Drawing his knife from his breast in his dire defiance, and clove the air toward the fiends; but a dozen arrows at the same moment hurled from as many bows, and the poor brave fond himself pierced with many bleeding wounds. Still seeking vengeance, and losses of the gregos came down from the clouds where they were driving their herds to the corrals, the loving of the cattle floated over the plain to their ears—the whole producing that harmonious blending of sounds and scene which so fervently lulls one to a dreamy, pensive repose.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. G.—If you have your naturalization papers, you are a citizen of the United States. If the judge erred in giving them to you, that was his fault. You acted in good faith. No one can go behind your papers, now that you have them in your hands. If you have not your papers, you have the trouble and go to the expense of getting them. Anyone before he can go into a case, presenting all the facts, and can show that you have not resided entirely in your papers at the time they were granted, it is possible that the court would revoke them, although, as you are now entitled to your papers, it is doubtful even if the court would deprive you of them. It is a question, however, that no one would care to go to the trouble and expense of testing the matter.

LIFE INSURANCE.—Read over your Life Insurance Merchandise, that will give you the best basis for fixing yourself for yourself.

Ed. G.—Why not get the book at all events and see? Instructors, and it is not an expensive book to buy, and the knowledge he will order it for you.

JOHN.—In the matter of the words whether Napoleon was the greater orator, or Napoleon was the greater soldier, we are not competent to answer. Napoleon was the greatest soldier that ever lived, and he was also a great orator. Whether he was the greatest orator or not, we are not competent to say. Napoleon was a man of great natural genius, and he was also a man of great education. He was a man of great energy, and he was also a man of great perseverance. He was a man of great industry, and he was also a man of great application. He was a man of great executive ability, and he was also a man of great power of concentration. He was a man of great power of analysis, and he was also a man of great power of generalization. He was a man of great power of discrimination, and he was also a man of great power of comparison. He was a man of great power of observation, and he was also a man of great power of reflection. He was a man of great power of imagination, and he was also a man of great power of judgment. He was a man of great power of memory, and he was also a man of great power of invention. He was a man of great power of taste, and he was also a man of great power of originality. He was a man of great power of sympathy, and he was also a man of great power of will. He was a man of great power of conscientiousness, and he was also a man of great power of hope. He was a man of great power of veneration, and he was also a man of great power of benevolence. He was a man of great power of constructiveness, and he was also a man of great power of ideality. He was a man of great power of wit, and he was also a man of great power of humor. He was a man of great power of language, and he was also a man of great power of silence. He was a man of great power of secretiveness, and he was also a man of great power of candor. He was a man of great power of self-esteem, and he was also a man of great power of love of approbation. He was a man of great power of cautiousness, and he was also a man of great power of firmness. He was a man of great power of conscientiousness, and he was also a man of great power of hope. He was a man of great power of veneration, and he was also a man of great power of benevolence. He was a man of great power of constructiveness, and he was also a man of great power of ideality. He was a man of great power of wit, and he was also a man of great power of humor. He was a man of great power of language, and he was also a man of great power of silence. He was a man of great power of secretiveness, and he was also a man of great power of candor. He was a man of great power of self-esteem, and he was also a man of great power of love of approbation. He was a man of great power of cautiousness, and he was also a man of great power of firmness.

A young man who is very fond of his girl, and who has been keeping company with her for a long time, has asked her to marry him, but she has not given him a decided answer. He says he will call again next week, and wants to know what he should say to her when he comes. What do you think he should say to her? Why, he should say, "Will you have me, or will you not?" That is the question which was asked by a correspondent in the Interior of October 1865, and which is the question which is asked by every lover.

R. R., Rome, Penn.—You should consult some experienced physician as to the course of treating a case of chronic diarrhœa. We are not competent to do so. We do not know what is the matter with your child. We can only say, as another's case seems, or some amount the literary portion of your correspondence, we are not competent to do so.

READER.—You had better not grieve too much over the loss of your money. Perhaps you may be able to get it back in the law if you can because you honestly earn your own living. Perhaps you may be able to get it back in some other way. Be encouraged.

DORA.—All we know about natural history is what we have read. We have never observed or examined or experimented with animals for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the matter. We have no doubt that the statement is correct and accurate, we believe that they are so shod.

E. C.—Any good book will contain directions how to clean brass and half a dozen more. Half a dozen more are given in almost every book and many more are given in every day.

STEPHEN.—The art of distinguished men, if they have left behind them any, is to be found in their works. We do not think it getting an appointment as surgeon in the United States Army.

YOUNG HUSBAND.—We cannot answer your question, because we do not know what you mean by it. We do not profess wish to be talking, or how many of them, nor how many of them you wish to talk to.

READER.—We do not see how you could do your duty better than you have done it. Your conscience is clear, and you have done your duty. We do not see how you could do more.

ANXIOUS.—We do not know whether your expenses will ever grow again or not, nor do we know of any baby, much, or anything else, that grows on expenses.

J. F. R.—It is useless for you to attempt to fight in public with a pistol. You have not the skill in the management or arrangement of the pistol, and have the suit discontinued.

ANXIOUS.—We do not know what is the matter with your cheeks having holes, ugliness, and washes. The best thing you can do is to consult a physician who understands them.

HENRY D.—Having joined the military company you are bound to do your duty. You cannot resign, and if you do not do your duty you will be punished. You must do your duty.

ED.—In neither member or defendant is it necessary to be present. Your attorney can attend to it for you or for the person or persons he selects for such public notice.

ANXIOUS.—We do not know. Perhaps a physician who understands wens so much talked about a few years since, in the matter, but we do not believe in them ourselves in any way.

SUSAN.—If you have to do it to behave yourself in the best manner you can, and let your conscience be your guide as to their board's contest.

ED. G.—If you have a naturalized citizen, you will also be a citizen five years hence, that being the time when you will be entitled to your papers.

YOUNG BEGINNER.—The correct circuit case in the evening and the rest of the day is to be employed with care as to the United Board's contest.

ED. G.—If you are morally bound to pay the debt, you of course ought to pay it, whether you are legally bound to do so or not.

A. L. HOLDEN.—It is your parents think you should send your relative your discouragement, but you ought to encourage every young man.

S. L.—If we cannot get an appointment in West Point as long as there is no vacancy in your district.

CAPTAIN.—You had better arrange the matter. Your case gives you no right to strike a private soldier.

REMAIN R., Belleview.—If your Lessons do not come to hand it is the fault of the post-office.

JERRY.—We never heard that olive oil is injurious to the hair.

* * *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*